A R. Mitchell

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE RING, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1832.

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"DISTRAINING FOR RENT."

Our city readers may imagine from our caption that we are about to inflict upon them a column of reminiscences of last week's "Quarter-day." We confess that it does look ominous, and they will hardly believe us, when we stoutly asseverate that such is not our intention. We have heard enough, felt enough, and seen enough of the 1st of May in New-York, where, unfortunately, the subject matter of this discourse, is too often practised, to render it a novelty, especially at this present time. We, however, have seen with infinite pleasure, several scenes of "Distraining for Rent,"—where the unfortunate tenants were about being turned into the streets, even,—and yet possessed of as good feelings as you, kind readers, know us to be, we still say, we were delighted, enraptured.

We take it for granted you have seen copies of Wilkie's celebrated Pictures of this name, [Distraining for Rent,]on which has been founded a new Melo Drama, called the "Rent Day," first produced at Drury-Lane, with distinguished approbation, and which on Saturday evening last was brought out at the American Theatre by Mr. Hamblin.

Whether the piece owes its popularity in London, to the personation of the two most prominent characters by Mr. *Wallack* and Miss *Phillips*, we are not able to say, but certain we are, that in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. *Hamblin*, Martin and Rachel Heywood will lose none of their interest, and could not find better representatives. It is gratifying in the piece before us to find a great master honored and his work illustrated, as is the case in this instance. The picture—Wilkie's "Rent Day," is not appropriated to save a bad play from the condemnation it merits; but a very agreeable piece is struck out of the painter's suggestion. Mind has whispered to mind. The pencil has become a pen, and this drama is the illustrative letter press which ought for the future to accompany the picture.

The curtain draws on the *tableau vivant*, the animated group which Wilkie has made immortal, and which the dramatist has restored to mortality, that we may know wherefore they were so honored. The scene of the picture lies in Scotland, the scene of the drama in England. A castellated manor house in a rich country, is the mansion of *Grantley*, (G. Jones,) an absentee landlord, who extinguishes the smoke of twenty chimneys to supply him with cigars, turns out families when the turn of a card deceives him, and throws a good tenant on the parish when the throw of the dice is against him. The Steward, *Old Crums*, (Farren,) is a meet agent, griping the poor to supply his master's extravagance, and grinding them to gratify his own rapacity. The rent-day toasts are, on the one side, "Punctuality to all tenants;" on the other, "Mercy to all landlords." The steward however, has no idea of mercy. *Martin Heywood*, (Mr. Hamblin,) whose father and grandfather lived sixty years on the farm he now occupies, is in arrear, and with his wife and four children must turn out. His brother *Toby*, (M'Kenny,) a dominie's deputy, of 15*l.* per annum, who regrets that his father did not teach him to cultivate land rather than literature, tries his eloquence on *Old Crums*. But *Silver Jack*, (Taylor,) and *Hyssop*, (Sarzedas,) the former a swell mob man, and the latter an unvarnished rogue, finding it convenient to taste country air, come to this part of the country, see the steward, and recognise in him *Capt. Harris*, formerly *Silver Jack's* master, and an escaped convict, for whose discovery 50*l.* have been offered twenty-six years before. The steward, horrified by the visit of such *old acquaintance*, is compelled to entertain them, even when a friend of his master's comes to reside at the manor-house. The steward introduces his now drunken friends as sober, religious tenants of his master, who on the *rent-day* are provoked to exceed their usual moderation. The London gentleman soon appreciates the character of his new associates, and declines their invitations to play hazard or cards. To rid himself of *Silver Jack*, the steward sends him with *Bullfrog*, (Gates,) a silly appraiser, and a freeholder of 20*l.* a year, to take possession of *Martin Heywood's* farm. *Rachel Hywood* (Mrs. Hamblin,) *Martin's* wife, is introduced to us watching the return of her husband. The scene is splendid. Rich corn-fields, half cut, are the foreground of a landscape, almost interminable, and of the most picturesque beauty even to the distant hill-tops, as if

> "The setting sun
> Blushed crimson as he kissed the heights,
> And sank in gold behind them."

But misery surrounds the farm: *Martin* returns without hope, and is won from his determination to emigrate by the entreaties of his wife, and the arguments of his brother. The act ends in the farm-house, where *Beanstalk*, (Johnson,) the father of *Rachel*, with all the children are assembled, *Toby Heywood* and his sweetheart, *Polly Briggs*, (Miss Waring,) being of the party. *Martin*, full of the thoughts of his fathers, as he looks on the bed they died on, and the old chair they most valued, determines not to leave the cottage, just as the creatures of the steward enter to compel him. The "Distraining for Rent," Wilkie's companion picture to the "Rent Day," is animated in the *tableau*, at the close of the act.

In the second act the plot grows rapidly for the fruit it is to bear. *Martin* and *Toby* are abroad to seek supplies; *Rachel* and *Polly* are sitting up in the farm, waiting their return, and *Silver Jack* is up stairs—in possession. *Polly* goes out to seek *Martin*. *Jack*, finding *Rachel* alone, proposes to purchase the liberty of her husband, and the bread of her children, at the price of her virtue. She, with the spirit of a wife and mother, resists the ruffian and leaves the house, rushes towards the manor-house, but is overtaken in a copse, where, hiding herself, she overhears a plot of *Jack* and his associate *Hyssop*, for the murder of the stranger from London. She flies towards the hall, arrives before the murderers, and by a dexterity more common on the stage than in real life, contrives to enter the gentleman's chamber, and alarm him. *Jack* catches a glimpse of her, and *Martin's* voice is heard at the same moment. *Jack* calls him, tells him he has accomplished his errand at the farm, which was to bring his wife to the gentleman. *Martin* hears with anger that she is in his bedroom, and sees with horror that she enters from it when the ruffians make their escape. *Martin* is suspected of the intended crime, and he is convinced of his wife's infidelity, forgives her supposed seducer, and determines on leaving home and England with his children. The scene of his desolation is touching; in vain does *Rachel* attempt to remove his impression of her guilt; the neighbors come to take leave of him; the officers return to enforce the distraint. *Martin* resolves to take his father's chair with him, which they endeavor to prevent. In the struggle the chair breaks, and 300 guineas, hoarded by the grandfather, roll on the ground. The strange gentleman is of course the squire, who clears the innocence of *Rachel*, and gives *Martin* his farm in freehold. The steward is taken in the act of decamping with the squire's plate and money, and in a rather long story tells us that he did all this to revenge himself on *Grantley's* father, who had robbed him of his wife. The picture of this lady has been the evil genius which urged him on in his career of spoil; and if the picture were brought on at the last scene (it is not unnatural to suppose the steward desirous of taking that with him,) his story would be more intelligible, and interesting; as it is, it drags and delays the catastrophe to an ill purpose. The robbers are of course convicted, man and wife are one again. *Toby* marries *Polly*, and the squire resolves to live and die among his tenants.

Such is the simple story and such the conduct of the piece. It is of little pretension, but the scene, sentiment, language, characters, and incidents appeal to our sympathies with full force, and the piece merited all the success it met with, which was triumphant.

If it would not seem uncalled for, we would beg leave to recommend to Mr. Hamblin, or "whom it may concern," the propriety of making use of the scissors in the scene where "Rachel" attempts to undeceive her husband, which is altogether too long in *our* opinion; and also in that of "Old Crums;" the first is too affecting, too heavy, in consequence of there being so little relief from the other parts, and in the "yarn" of "Old Crums" we could not but wish it over from the commencement.

Mr. Hamblin's personation of "Martin" was what we might have expected from an actor of his acknowledged talent. He had evidently studied the *picture*, as well as the character. Mrs. H. as "Rachel" was much applauded; indeed the part was one calculated to draw her out; to bring into play those feelings which none but a *mother* in her situation, could possess, and to which none know better how to give their full expression. In Mr. Farren's "Old Crums" there was not much to admire; too much rant and noise for us, though on the whole, the part is one not suited, and was no doubt "foreign to his feelings." Gates was quite the thing as "Bull-frog," and seemed to pretty well understand what he so frequently repeated, that "business is business." "Hyssop" was all "whiskers,"—though Taylor's "Silver Jack" was respectable; they neither of them played with usual spirit. "Toby Heywood" found in McKinney, an able representative; Miss Waring's "Polly Briggs" was quite clever. In fact, for we have not time to say more, the actors generally deserved credit for their efforts. A few repetitions will remove these slight objections, and then, with a little judicious cutting, the drama will work as it ought to do.

THE FROG CATCHER.

A fashionable tailor in a neighboring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was posted up in the bar-room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and vests, of all colors and fashions, also a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread buckram, *frogs*, buttonmoulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock.

Some wags, residing a short distance from the village, noticed this advertisement, and determined to make it a source of amusement to themselves, at the expence of a poor, shallow-pated fellow, named Timothy Drew—a shoemaker.

Accordingly, the next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out to him the advertisement. They especially called his attention to the article of *frogs*, and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond, the name of a large pond in the neighborhood of his residence, notorious for its numerous frogs and lilies. "Why Timmy," said they "if you would give up shoemaking, and take to frog catching, you would make your tarnal fortune!

"Yes, Timmy," said another, "you might bag a thousand in half a day, and folks say they will bring a dollar a hundred."

"*Two* for a cent apiece, they brought in New-York, when I was there last," said a cross-eyed fellow tipping the wink.

"There's frogs enough in Lily Pond," said Timmy—"but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I swaggers, I chased one nearly half a day before I took him—he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for bait. They're plaguy slippery fellows."

"Never mind, Timmy take a fish net, and scoop 'em up. You must have 'em alive, and fresh. A lot at this time would fetch a great price.

"I'll tell you what, Timmy," said one of them taking him aside, "I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To-morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the gain." Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he, "These ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest to the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry and divide the profits with Jo Gawky? By gravy! I'll get up early to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor's before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself."

Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise.—With infinite difficulty he filled his bag—and departed on his journey.

Mr. Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as waxwork. In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handling his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom.

He was thus engaged one pleasant spring morning, when a short stubbed fellow, with a bag on his shoulder, entered the shop. The old gentleman was absorved in his employment and did not notice his visiter. But his inattention was ascribed by Timmy, to deafness, and he approached and applied his mouth to the tailor's ear, exclaiming—"I say, mister! do you want any frogs to-day?"

The old gentleman dropped his shears, and sprang back in astonishment and alarm. Do you want any frogs this morning? shouted Timmy, at the top of his voice.

"No!" said the tailor, eyeing him over his spectacles, as if doubting whether he was a fool or a madman.

"I have got fine lot here," rejoined Timmy shaking his bag. "They are jest from the pond and lively as kittens."

"Dont bellow in my ears," said the old man petulably. I am not deaf. Tell me what you want and begone!

"I want to sell you these ere frogs, old gentleman. You shall have them at a bargain. Only one dollar a hundred. I won't take a cent less. Do you want them?"

The old man now got a glance at the frogs, and was sensible it was an attempt at imposition.—He trembled with passion. "No!" exclaimed he, get out of my shop, you rascal!

"I say you do want 'em," said Timmy, bristling up. "I *know* you want 'em; but you're playing offish like, to beat down the price. I won't take a mill less. Will you have them, or not, old man?"

"Scoundrel!" shouted the enraged tailor, "get out of my shop this minute!"

Puzzled, mortified, and angry, Timmy slowly turned on his heel and withdrew. "He won't buy them, thought he, for what they are worth and as for taking *nothing* for them, I won't. And yet, I don't want to lug them back again—but if ever I plague myself by catching frogs again, may I be buttered! Curse the old curmudgeon I'll try him once more—and he again entered the shop.

"I say Mr. Buckram, are you willing to give me anything for these ere frogs!" The old man was now goaded beyond endurance. Stamping with rage, he seized his great shears to beat out the speaker's brains.

"Well then," said Timothy bitterly, "take 'em among ye for nothing," at the same time emptying the contents of his bag on the floor, and marching out.

Imagine the scene that followed! One hundred live frogs, emptied upon the floor of a tailor's shop! It was a subject for the pencil of a Cruikshank. Some jumped this and some that way, some under the bench and some upon it, some into the fireplace and some behind the door. Every nook and corner of the shop was occupied in an instant.—Such a spectacle was never seen before. The old man was nearly distracted. He rent his hair, and stamped in a paroxism of rage. Then seizing a broom, he made vain endeavors to sweep them out at the door. But they were as contrary jumped another. He tried to catch them with his hands, but they were as slippery as eels, and passed through his fingers. It was enough to exhaust the patience of Job. The neighbors, seeing Mr. Buckram sweeping frogs out of his shop, gathered around in amazement, to inquire if they were about to be beset with the plagues of Egypt. But old Buckram was in such a passion that he could not speak a word, and they were afraid to venture within the reach of his broom. It is astonishing what talk the incident made in the village. Not even the far-famed frogs of Windham excited more.

After this affair, Timothy Drew could never endure the sight of a bull frog. People were continually vexing him with questions. "Well Timmy, how goes the Frog market?"

"How do you sell frogs?" Even the children would call after him as he passed—"There goes the frog catcher!" Some mischievous person went so far as to disfigure his sign, so that it read—

> SHOES MENDED,
> *And Frogs Caught,*
> By T. Drew.

In fine, Timmy was kept in a continual fever, and the sound of a frog grew hateful to his ears—so that when they tuned up he would frequently rush out and pelt them with stones. He could not sleep in his bed. Their dismal croak tormented him through the watches of the night. To his distempered fancy, they often repeated his name in their doleful concerts, thus—

> "Timmy Drew o-o-o—
> Timmy Drew-o-o-o—
> Boo-o-boo-o—

One night he was awakened from a sound sleep by a tremendous bellowing close under his windows. It seemed as if all the bulls of Bashan were clearing out their throats for a general roar. He listened with amazement and distinguished the following sounds.

> "Booo-o-o-o—
> Timmy Drew-o-o-o—
> I can make a shoe o-o-o—
> As well as you-o-o-o—
> And better too,-o-o-o-o—
> Boo-o-o-o-o—

Timmy was certain no common frogs could pipe at this rate. He sprang out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and rushed out of the house. "I'll teach the rascally boys to come here, and shout in this manner" said he. But no boys could be seen. It was a bright night—all was solitary and still, except a discontented muttering of the sleepless frogs in their uncomfortable bed. Timmy, after throwing a few stones into the bushes, retired, concluding it was all a dream. For a time the stillness continued, when again the terrible concert swelled on the evening breeze, and then gradually sunk away in the distance, thus—

> "I can make a shoe-o-o-o—
> As well as you-o-o-o—
> And better too-o-o-o—
> Eoo-o-o-o-o-o—
> Bo-o-o-o-o—
> Bo-o-o—

At last their mysterious concerts became very frequent, and the poor shoemaker was nearly deprived of sleep. In vain did he attempt to discover the authors of the annoyance. They could not be found—so that he naturally began to think it was indeed made by the frogs, and that he was to be hunted in this manner all his remaining days. This melancholy idea became seated on his mind, and made him miserable. "Ah!" he said to himself, "that was an unlucky day when I disturbed such a frog's nest for an old rascal of a tailor. But it can't be helped."

The next time Timmy Drew stopped at the tavern, he found the people in earnest consultation:

"There he comes," whispered one, as soon as the shoemaker entered. "Have you heard the news!" all inquired in a breath.

"No" said Timmy, with a groan.

"Jo Gawky has seen such a *critter* in the pond. A monstrous great frog, as big as an ox, with eye as large as a horse's! I never heard of no such thing in all my born days."

"Nor I," said Sam Greening.

"Nor I," said Josh Whiting.

"Nor I," said Tom Bigbee.

"I have heard say of such a critter in Ohio," said Eb Crawly. Frogs have been seed there, as big as a sucking pig—but not in these ere parts.

"Mrs Timmins," said Sam Greening, "feels quite melancholy about it. She guesses as how it's a sign of some terrible thing that's going to happen."

"I was fishing for pickerel," said Jo Gawky, who by the by, was a tall spindle-shanked fellow, with a white head, and who stooped in his chest like a crooked necked squash—I was after pickerel, and had on a frog's hind leg, for bait. There was a tarnation great pickerel just springing at the line, when out sailed this great he-devil from under the bank. By the living hokey, he was a large as a small sized man! Such a straddle-bug I never seed! I up lines and cleared out like a whitehead."

Timmy examined the faces of the company, and saw that they all believed the story. He began to feel alarmed.

"That are must be the *critter* I heard t'other night in the pond, said Josh Whiting. I swanny he roared louder than a bull."

This extraordinary narrative made a great impression on Timothy Drew. He foresaw something terrible was going to happen. In vain was he questioned touching his knowledge of the monster. He would not say a word.

After this introduction the conversation naturally took a supernatural turn. Every one had some mysterious tale to relate; and thus the evening wore away. Ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins formed prolific themes of discussion. Some told of strange sound which had been heard in the depths of the forest at midnight—and others of the shapeless monsters which seamen had beheld in the wilderness of the deep. By degrees the company fell off, one by one, until Timothy Drew found himself alone. He was startled at the discovery, and felt the necessity of departing; yet some invisible power seemed to dissuade him from the step. A presentiment of some coming evil hung like an incubus upon his imagination, and nearly deprived him of strength.

At length he tore himself away. His course lay over a solitary road, darkened by overshadowing trees. Onward he glided with stealthy paces, not daring to look behind, yet dreading to proceed. At last he reached the summit of a hill, at the foot of which arose his humble dwelling. The boding cry of the frogs was now faintly heard at a distance. He had nearly reached the door of his shop, when a rustle of the leaves by the side of the pond brought his heart into his ed from a cloud, and disclosed an object before him that fixed him to the spot. An unearthly monster in the shape of a mammoth bull-frog sat glaring upon him with eyes like burning coals. With a single leap it was by his side, and he felt one of his ancles in its cold rude grasp. Terror gave him strength. With an Herculean effort he disengaged his limb from the monster's clutches, rushed up the hill, and in an instant was gone.

"By the living hokey!" said Jo Gawky, slowly rising from the ground, and arranging his dress —"who'd have guessed this ere old pumpkin head with a candle in it, would have sot that are fellow's stiff knee agoing at that rate! I couldn't see him travel off, for dust."

It is hardly necessary to add that Vermount never seed no more of THE FROG CATCHER.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

BY S. C. HALL.

It is now many years since the first batalion of the 17th Regiment of foot, underorders to embark for India—that far-distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have have slept in what soldiers call "the bed of glory,"—were assembled in the barrack-yard o Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passing on board the transports, which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely day-break when the merry drum and fife was heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks, with bright firelocks on their shoulders, and their knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual with a dearer title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughter among the assembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in England, and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed—for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the worn should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the umpire. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, Captain Leden, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The woman had gathered round the flag-serjeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "*to go*,"—and all the others, containing the fatal words "*to remain*." It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldier's wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket. It was against her, and she shreated sobbing. Another—she succeeded; and giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating step; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance.—She put her small hand into the serjeant's cap, and I saw by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed, he unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and, with a deep groan, fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that all remained unnoticed, until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of women had left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld er, supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast-falling tears with his course handkerchief, and now and them pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loden advanced towards them—"I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up and be stout-hearted."

"I am so, Captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his roughhand across his face, "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother."

"Oh, Captain!" sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh take me with him!—take me with him—for the love of God take me with him, Captain!" She fell on her knees, laid hold of the officer's sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, "Oh! leave me my only hope, at least till God has given me another!" and repeated, in heart-rending accents, "Oh, take me with him! take me with him!

The gallant officer was himself in tears—he knew that it was impossible to grant the; or wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the Captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do *you* want, my good fellow" said the officer.

"Only, yer honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I'm thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, yer honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for service—and if yer honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's Company, and let me take his place in your's—why yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of 'em, I'm thinking."

Captain Loden considered for a few minutes, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground and rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you, Captain!" said the soldier, as he pressed his wife; closer to his bosom. "Oh, bless him for ever!" said the wife: bless him with prosperity, and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children:" and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming—"May you never want a friend when I am far from you—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!" passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

* * * *

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge in the wide heath attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages, but which now afforded no information to the traveller, for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine intelligent lad of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he was going to any particular house in the village.

"No, my little lad," said the soldier; "but it is on the high-road to Frome, and I have friends there; but, in truth, I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in you village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for a reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat—if you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine chubby-cheeked fellow, who, with his witch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received with a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends. Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all probability, were indebted to him for their present situation.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story further than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling, and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

The Norfolk Track.—We have always suspected this track of being short of a mile. By the following extract from Mr. Gibbons, it appears to have been 29 feet short of a mile, or 116 feet, or 38 yards and 2 feet, in a four mile heat, making a difference of—how many seconds?

Norfolk, April 14, 1832.

Mr. Editor—We have had a regular measurement of our course, and found it to our surprise, 29 yards short of a mile. It is now being extended to the proper distance.

Respectfully Yours.
—*Turf Reg.* J. N. GIBBONS.

A Pugilistic Combat *came off*, not long since, in Delaware, which was witnessed, as we are informed, by a thousand spectators: amongst them several *ladies*—or rather bipeds, in women's clothes. We are sure the correspondent, who sent a regular account of the *twenty-one rounds*, intended kindly; but far from looking on this beastly practice with any degree of toleration, we have always held it in the deepest abhorrence, and entirely agree with the editors of the Baltimore Chronicle and of the Baltimore Times, that "the condemnation of such a breach of decency and morals, as is this brutal exhibition, should not be left to public opinion; the arm of the law should be made to fall heavily on the actors in it. The custom is looked upon, and justly so, as a stain upon the national character of England by her continental neighbors. Let us afford no reason to infer that we have inherited the vicious taste which encourages it."—*Sporting Magazine.*

Grand Trotting Match. We are informed that a match has been made between the celebrated American horse Ratler and Mr. Theobald's trotting stallion, to trot ten miles in harness.—Large bets are said to be depending on the first five miles, as well as the completion of the task.

A New Reading.—In a Dutch translation of Addison's Cato, the version of the soliloquy is curious. It commences thus:—"Just so—you are very right, Mynheer Plato!"

A London paper a day or two ago, inserted "Cholera Morbus" under the head of "Fashionable Arrivals."

ELLISTON AND THE ASS' HEAD.

Elliston was, in his day, the Napoleon of Drury-land, but, like the conqueror at Austerlitz, he suffered his declensions, and the Surrey became to him a St. Helena. However, once an eagle always an eagle; and Robert William was no less aquiline in the day of adversity than in his palmy time of patent prosperity. He was loth to carry things with a high hand, and he but fulfilled his destiny. The anecdote which we are about to relate, is one of the ten thousand instances of his lordly bearing. When the season before last, 'no effects' was written over the treasury-door of Covent-garden theatre, it will be remembered that several actors proffered their services *gratis* in aid of the then humble, but now, arrogant and persecuting establishment. Among these patriots was Mr. T. P. Cooke—(it was just after his promotion to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Blue.) The Covent-garden managers jumped at the offer of the actor, who was in due time announced as having, in the true playbill style 'most generously volunteered his service for six nights!' Cooke was advertised for *Wilhelm*; Elliston having 'most generously lent [N. B. this was *not* put in the bill] his musical score of *Black-Eyed Susan*, together with the identical captains' coats, worn at a hundred-and-fifty court martials at the Surrey Theatre!' Cooke—the score—the coats, were all accepted, and made the most of by the now prosecuting managers of Covent-garden, who cleared out of the said Cooke, score, and coat, one thousand pounds at half price on the first six nights of their exhibition. 'That is a fact; nay, we have lately heard it stated that all the sum was specially banked, to be used in a future war against the minors. Cooke was then engaged for twelve more nights, at ten pounds per night—a hackney-coach bringing him each night, hot from the Surrey stage, where he had previously made bargemen weep, and thrown nursery maids into convulsions. Well, time drove on, and Cooke drove into the country. Elliston, who was always classical, having a due veneration for that divine 'creature,' the coat's last appearance, on the anniversary of lord Jubilee. The wardrobe was ransacked, the property-man was on the alert; and, after much preparation, everything was in readiness for the imposing spectacle.—No! There was one thing forgotten—one important 'property!' *Bottom* must be a feature, in the procession, and there was no ass's head! It would not do for the acting manager to apologize for the absence of the head—no, *he* could not have the face to do it. A head must be procured! Every one was in doubt and trepidation, when hope sounded in the clarion-like voice of Robert William. 'Ben!' exclaimed Elliston, 'take pen, ink, and paper, and write as follows!' Ben (Mr. Benjamin Fairbrother, the late manager's most trusty secretary) sat, 'all ear,' and Elliston, with fingers on nether lip, proceeded:—

'My dear Charles,

'I am about to represent, "with entirely new dresses, scenery, and decorations," the Stratford Jubilee, in honor of the sweet swan of Avon. My scene-painter is the finest artist (except your Grieve) in Europe—my tailor is no less a genius, and I lately raised the salary of my property-man. This will give you some idea of the capabilities of the Surrey Theatre. However in the hurry of "getting up," we have forgotten one property—every thing is well with us but our *Bottom*, and he wants a head. As it is too late to manufacture, not but that my property-man is the cleverest in the world (except the property-man of Covent-garden), can you lend us an ass's head, and believe me, my dear Charles,

'Yours ever truly,

'Robert William Elliston.'

'P. S. I had forgotten to acknowledge the return of the *Black-Eyed Susan* score, and coats. You are most welcome to them.'

The letter was despatched to Covent-garden Theatre, and in a brief time the bearer returned with the following answer:—

'My Dear Robert,

'It is with the most acute pain that I am compelled to refuse your trifling request. You are aware, my dear Sir, of the unfortunate situation of Covent-garden Theatre; it being at the present moment, with all the "dresses, scenery, and decofations," in the Court of Chancery, I cannot exercise that power which my friendship would dictate. I have spoken to Bartley, and he agrees with me (indeed, he always does), that I cannot lend you an ass's head—he is an authority on such a subject—without risking a reprimand from the Lord High Chancellor. Trusting to your generosity, and to your liberal construction of my refusal—and hoping that it will in no way interrupt that mutually cordial friendship that has ever subsisted between us,

'Believe me, ever your's
Charles Kemble.'

'P. S. When I next see you advertised for *Lear*, I intend to leave myself out of the bill to come and see it.'

Of course this letter did not remain long unanswered. Ben was again in requisition and the following was the result of his labors:—

'Dear Charles,

'I regret the situation of Covent-garden Theatre—I also for your sake, deeply regret that the law does not permit you to send me the 'property' in question. I knew that law alone could prevent you; for were it not for the vigilance of Equity, such is my opinion of the management of Covent-garden, that I am convinced, if left to the dictates of his own judgment, it would be enabled to spare ass's heads, not to the Surrey alone, but to every theatre in Christendom.

'Yours ever truly,

'Robert William Elliston.'

'P. S. My wardrobe-keeper informs me that there are no less than seven buttons missing from the Captains' coats. However, I have ordered their places to be instantaneously filled by others.'

We entreat our readers not to receive the above as a squib of invention. We will not pledge ourselves that the letters are *verbatim* from the originals; but the loan of the Surrey, music and coats to Covent-garden, with the refusal of Covent-garden's ass's head to the Surrey, is 'true as holy writ.'

Duchess of Mazarine.—She was unhappy in her beauty, in magnificence, and in her feasts—she was blooming and beautiful, but she pleased no one. Her diamonds were superb, but when she wore them, every body said, she looked like a "lustre." Her suppers were the best in Paris, but they were always laughed at, because there was no finding out what the viands were composed of. Her pride was extreme, and she had the reputation of being avaricious—but she gave the most magnificent "fetes," and something ridiculous always took place at them. One day, in the course of the winter, she conceived the idea of giving a "fetes champetre" at her superb house in Paris, there was a great crowd assembled in a saloon, richly decorated and fitted up with pier-glasses; the greater part of which were fixed in niches that reached from the ceiling to the floor. At the end of this saloon was a cabinet filled with flowers and foliage—and on opening a door a real flock of sheep, well washed, and white as snow, were guarded by a shepherdess (who was an Opera dancer) and exhibited through a transparent screen—while however the company were dancing, the sheep made their escape and being without either dog or shepherdess, ran tumultuously into the saloon, and dispersing the dancers, rendered this pastoral scene highly amusing.—Memoirs de la Comtesse de Genlis.

The Duchess of St. Albans.—According to the earliest recollections of her grace, she found herself a forsaken, starving, frozen child, in an outshed of an English village. She was taken thence by a gipsy-crew, whom she afterwards left for a company of strolling players. In this profession, she obtained some reputation by a pleasing exterior, a constant flow of spirits, and a certain originality—till by degrees she gained several friends, who magnanimously provided for her wants. She long lived in undisturbed connexion with the rich banker C——, who at length married her, and, at his death, left her £70,000 a year. By this colossal inheritance, she afterwards became the wife of the Duke of St. Albans, the third English duke in point of rank, and what is a somewhat singular coincidence, the descendants of the well-known actress Nell Gwynn, to whose charms the Duke is indebted for his title, in much the same way (though a hundred years earlier) as his wife is now for her's.—She is a very good sort of woman, who has no hesitation of speaking of the past—on the contrary, is rather too frequent in her reminiscences—*Bell's Life in London.*

lowing account of a rowing match which took place recently in Bermuda will be read with some interest by the Amateurs of the Oar. Two of the officers of the white crew, were of the crew of the Eagle, and Yankee Doodle, which were the winners of races at the Quebec Regatta last summer; their late exploit in which they shared shows that they are not mere fresh water sailors.

"A match lately took place at this Island, in which a gentleman of those Islands offered to back four of the Bermudian Blacks employed in the Whale Boats against any four white men, and which was taken up by four officers of the Army Mr. Groves, Rifle Brigade, Messrs. Impett and Denny, 71st Light Infantry, and Mr. Franklin, 37th Regiment. The distance agreed on was 16 nautical miles, viz: from the Ferry at Georges round the Rose man of War, anchored near Inland Island. The race terminated in favor of the officers beating their opponents by twenty-five minutes.

The first 8 miles were done in 1 hour and 10 minutes, the last 8 in 1 hour and 15 minutes—making altogether 2 hours and 25 minutes.

The Dame Blanche (the winning boat) is a four oared, belonging to the 37th Regiment, measuring 25 feet keel—25 feet overall, and three feet five inches beam—built in England.

The Bermudian's boat, a four oared, measuring 18 feet keel, 20 feet overall and 4 feet 6 beam.

The race created great interest: every boat, carriage, and horse in the Island, was in requisition on the occasion, and the bets 5 and 10 to 1 against the winners.

An Honest Paddy.—A young man, boarding at a tavern in the country, having been out one night on a wooing expedition, was so fascinated by his dulcinea, that he did not return until some time past midnight. Wishing to conceal from the landlord, and especially from the landlord's wife, how late he had tarried, he gave Jemmy, the hostler, who let him in, a ninepenny bit not to tell.

"Och, and I'll not do it at all, said Jemmy.

The next morning, as the young man was at breakfast with the family, and the Irishman was passing by, the landlord called out to him—

"Jim!"

"Comin, sir,"

"What time did you let Mr. Johnson in last night?"

"Oh, surely now," said the honest paddy, "your honor wont insist upon knowin, for Misther Johnson he gin me a ninepenny bit not to tell how "twas all but two o'clock jist."—Constellation.

Challenge to *Horse-Clippers*.—Jem Hill the *bouncing clipper* of Melton Mowbray, is anxious to make a bet against any flash clipper in England, to clip a horse, for any sum five to twenty sovereigns—and he may be heard of at the Lion hotel, London road, Leicester, to *post the blunt*.

Elopement.—The wife of an Englishman in Paris, of some celebrity at home, eloped from him about a month since with his bosom, friend, a Lieutenant of a regiment of cavalry in the East India Company's service. The criminal intimacy seems to have been ripened at Hardleur, where the husband and wife had been residing for some months previously. The injured party is better known for the *peaceableness* of his inexperience, and his association with certain large penalties for incontinency, than his dexterity in extricating himself from the entanglements of gallantry.

Good 'uns.—The following is *not* from the *Court Journal*:—"Why does the M——s of L—n—d—y publish with the Leviathan of Burlington-street?"—"Because he is indebted for all his wealth to *Coal-burn*."—More peers go to see *the Vestris act* at the Olympic Theatre than the *Vestries Act* at the H

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1832.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The liberal patronage bestowed on our efforts to establish a Sporting Paper, the only one in the Union, has induced us to enlarge our sheet and otherwise improve its appearance. We submit these endeavors thus to deserve the approbation of our courteous friends, with the humble hope that they will appreciate our assiduity as some return for our constantly increasing subscription. We feel flattered not merely by our numerical acquisitions, but the character and real rox of our Patrons creates the hope that we are soon to realize our highest anticipations—The pleasure of successfully catering for a discerning and generous public.

LONG ISLAND RACES.

It gives us great pleasure to make some amends to our "brothers editorial" for their various notices of the Sports of the Turf, with which we have so frequently graced our columns, by giving them in return the results of the interesting matches we have been witnessing the past week. We trust our kind patrons will indulge us in the gratifying hope, that they too will not read uninterested the details of these animating sports, so truly calculated to give a vivifying influence to the dull realities of life, while they tend directly to dereloge the qualities and improve the breed of that noble animal, to whose existence and excellence we owe so much pleasure and happiness.

New-York has ever been foremost among her sister cities in cultivating her breed of trotting horses, and training them to the full display of their powers; and we believe the speed and bottom evinced by the late trials will not suffer by a comparison with former days—nor ask odds of any horses in the country.

On Tuesday, our friends of the Turf were highly entertained by the diversions on the Course. Many returned to the din and dust of the city with not "*Trash in their purse*," and glowing with the excitement so naturally created by a day joyously spent amid the votaries of frolic and pleasure. Who can remain at home when such enticements allure us to snuff the bland and balmy breeze of a ride down the Island? and who can hang with "dyspeptic languor" over his desk of toil and care, when the scenes of the country and the sports of the day so enchantingly invite us abroad?

The following horses contended for the purse, three mile heats, under the saddle, viz.:—Comet, Crazy Jane, Charlie, and Tom Jones. The first heat was won by Tom Jones, distancing Comet and Crazy Jane.—Time, 8m. 32s. The second heat by Charlie.—Time, 8m. 37s. The third heat by Tom Jones. Time, 8m. 48s.

Early on Wednesday, the *elite* of our city were putting their fastest horses and gayest equipages into requisition to be off for the Long Island Trotting Matches. The morning looked very portentous and uninviting. A thick, hazy atmosphere, without any, then a drizzling rain, cast a gloom over our anticipations, and had we been nigh indeed us to yield the pleasure of catering for our generous patrons from our own observation. About 11, however, the "ethereal blue" streaked heaven's canopy, and by 12, the glorious sun drank up every cloud and every flitting vapor.

That most delightful of all country roads—the turnpike leading to the Centreville Trotting Course—was thronged with every variety of vehicle, from the most tasty buggy to the meanest cart, with horses of the finest breeding and beauty, to the limping hack of untold leanness.

We found the Course wet, but fast yielding to the sunny influence; and before the horses were called, the path presented one smooth surface of well-trod earth.

The horses first presented were Cato, Kate Kearney and Dread, each regularly entered for the purse—three mile heats, *in harness*. They were in fine order and showing most visibly by "muscle and coat," the superior excellence of their training, and the faithfulness of their grooms. Cato was evidently the favorite. "Cato against the field" was continually offered and taken. The bets ran high, for ever and anon, Kate *showed her ankles* to so much advantage, and exhibited such points of strength and beauty that her backers lost all fear in their admiration. Dread is a horse of high reputation, bright bay, slender built, quick in his movements, but seemingly possessed of too much spirit to bear the whip, which by the way is the most essential quality in a trotter—for our money. Cato—(we thank thee, "Cato the sententious," for we backed thee against the field to the interest of our purse!) Cato, we say, is a dark brown, of large bone, great power, and even temper, with matchless bottom, and most unflinching determination to pursue "the even tenor of his way," whether under the whip or on the bit, whether led or leading.

The order was given "to harness." Then appeared the slender buggies, glittering in their newest coat, and surprising you by their attenuated construction. The drivers in their jockey caps and silken jackets were in great spirits as they were getting their respective horses into action.

The bets now advanced rapidly—for the backers of the sober, staid old Cato, felt renewed confidence as he "spread himself" under the guidance of his excellent driver. Kate was buoyant with life and elegant action, playfully rushing past the starting post at an untold speed, then gently yielding to the bit, she wheeled back to her post. Dread too, did not disappoint his friends in his good action and appearance, when with eagle fleetness he reassured them, and gave promise of that rushing swiftness which he afterwards so nearly redeemed.

The judges took their stand, and the horses came up nearly abreast, and the word "*go*" was given. Dread rushed and soon took the lead—then broke. Cato passed with Kate close upon him. Kate then pushed, and broke, and fell behind, while Cato lead them a hundred yards, and thus continued leading them the three first *miles*, winning the heat with all ease. The time showed well for their speed. They "did it" in 8 minutes and 26 seconds.

We examined their wind, and found neither of them distressed. They were in the hands of their grooms a few minutes made dry, when they were again put to the sheets as fresh as when they "opened the ball." Again the word "go" was given, and away they flew—Kate leading. "Kate's up—Kate's up," was the cry on all sides—giving her friends pain to see her justify the exclamation by her repeated breaking. Dread, too, was "up" various times, and as often losing many yards before he could be brought down. Meanwhile the stout, industrious Cato was "putting in his best work," with a diligence and constancy that gained him the admiration of all, and the gratitude of his backers. He won the heat easily; though many, in whose judgment we are accustomed to rely, insist he is not the fastest horse. But Cato bears the whip and "keeps digging," and as in human affairs, so in trotting, the industrious must win—a rusher may.

This heat was trotted in eight minutes and thirty-six seconds.

The next match, for the Pacing Purse, was between three rackers, under the saddle, and carrying full weight. The Stranger, Bowery Boy and Bowery Girl. The Girl had many warm friends, who backed her with great spirit against the Stranger, who has been well known as a tried horse of immense speed and bottom. The bets were generally made "the Stranger against the field;" all of which the friends of the Bowery Girl took, though they did not rely on Bowery Boy as an advantage, except in case of accident. In this instance we relied on the fact of the Stranger having bottom and bearing the whip, and bet a majority of our "crazy change" on Stranger against the field. The Bowery Girl had the advantage in foot, and though her great beauty and action is surpassed by few, still we could not but mistrust the tokens she occasionally gave of an unconquered spirit. She certainly has in all her movements, a grace and nerve that equals any horse we ever saw. The Stranger is a different kind of horse entirely. There is great kindness and obedience expressed in his countenance, giving him the appearance of having little spirit, while his general *tout ensemble* bears no mark of extraordinary powers. Bowery Boy seemed a good horse, with life and action but inferior in all respects to either of his competitors.

The order was passed "to saddle," followed soon by the word "go." The Bowery Girl, though she was "up" various times, won the first heat in fine style—yet the backers of the Stranger lost little courage, relying as they did on his bottom. Bets were offered on all hands two to one on the Bowery Girl, and some of them taken by the friends of the meek little Stranger.

The second heat was well contested, and perhaps had they gone a hundred yards farther the issue would have been different. Stranger however won the heat by a neck.—Now the spirits of his friends revived, and betting was renewed as the interest of the match increased. It was rumored that Stranger's rider dismounted before he returned to the Stand, and before he was ordered to do so by the Judges. Had it been clearly proved that such was the case, the rules of the Club would have given the heat to Bowery Girl, and the money to her friends. The Judges decided they should go again, when Stranger took the lead and kept it, winning the third heat by little less than half his length. This match was for two mile heats, and the aggregate time was about 5m. 20s.

A third match was expected, but owing to the sickness of one of the horses the [illegible] We should like to have seen this match trotted, the horses having great character and bearing the appearance of first-rate goers.

The matches were over for the day; and now commenced the "hurley burley" of getting off, and the strife of horsemanship along "the whips," of the city. Many were the hair-breadth escapes we witnessed, and many the trials between private horses that would do credit to trained trotters. Sun-set brought us to the Ferry, and in a few moments the throng of this day's sport was lost amid the mighty current of living mortals of our great and growing city.

THE CANTON RACES.—The Baltimore Chronicle says:—The match on Monday, between Monsoon by Ratler, and Columbus by Young Sir Henry, for $400, two miles and repeat, was a very interesting one. The first heat was won by Monsoon in gallant style, beating about three lengths—time, 3m. 58s., the next two heats by Columbus in 4m. and 4m. 3s. Bets before starting 50 to 30 on Columbus, after the first heat 3 to 1 on Monsoon, after the second 5 to 1 on Columbus.

This day, (Tuesday.)—A match two miles and repeat, between Critic by Eclipse, and Ophelia by Eclipse, both three years old, to start at 12 o'clock precisely. From the blood of the horses a fine race is anticipated.

TROTTING MATCH.—In a Trotting Match at the Hunting Park Course, (Phil.) on Tuesday, Top Gallant was beaten by Sally Miller in two two mile heats. Time, first heat 5m. 32s.; second 5m. 29s.: first mile 2m. 44s.: third 2m. 43s.

THE TURF.—Our Spring Races says the Duchess Republican, commence on Tuesday next, with the Great Colt Stakes—mile heats—for which there are nine subscribers. After this the regular Society's purse will be run for at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The fine state of the track, the unusual number of horses that will be in attendance, and the promise which we have of fine weather, warrant the anticipation that by no previous meeting will this be excelled in point of interest and sport. We observe that Black Maria, the "passion" of Duchess County Sportsmen, is on the ground and in fine condition. Near her stands the gallant Col. O'Kelly—who, though not often a winner, makes every nag *earn* his money, before his owner *counts* it. Then there is Token, untried, 'tis true, but she will not be, after Tuesday, 12 o'clock. This stable, whoever may "fob the pewter," will make a "good look for the change." Then we have Medora: her history is written, and we have only to say, she's all right. In this stable are Tempest, and the beautiful Alice Gray; the former of southern extraction; the latter, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Desoris stock.

De Witt Clinton, Celeste, Warrior, Virginia Taylor, Lady Relief and others, not unknown to fame, are on their way. The stables of Mr. Bathgate, Mr. Laird, Mr. Van Mater, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Craig, &c. are daily expected, with many other horses, who, though strangers on our track, are not so at the winning post.

The sale of the Times newspaper, for the past year, has amounted, according to the returns of the Stamp office, to 4,328,025, equally on an average 13,827 per diem.

THE RACES.—We understand that among other proceedings of the Jockey Club, calculated to give it permanency and respectability, the following purses have been adopted for the next races, which have been fixed for the last week in January. First day, $1,000; second day, $400; third day; $400; fourth day, $300. These purses are as large, we believe, as those of any club in the United States, and will probably bring some fine animals to our course, particularly as the Charleston races follow in three weeks after. *Savannah Georgian.*

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—As our paper was going to press on Friday afternoon, 4th inst. about six o'clock, the large six story fire proof store house of Messrs. Phelps & Peck, at the corner of Fulton and Cliff sts., suddenly fell, burying in its ruins *fourteen persons*, who were employed in the establishment—among whom we regret to announce, were Mr. Thos. H. Goddard, accountant; Mr. J. Stokes, son of Mr. Thomas Stokes, and Mr. Seymour, clerks in the establishment. These gentlemen were held in the highest estimation by their employers, and universally and deservedly respected. The cartmen attached to the store, and two coloured men, who were buried in the ruins, have been extricated. We could not ascertain any of the *facts* in time for our sheet of last week; thousands surrounded the scene of desolation, which was heart-rending.

The disaster is attributed to various causes; the immense weight of goods with which the building was stored—the thin walls—slender timbers—the season of the year when the store was erected, are all believed to have contributed to the accident. The store contained cotton, copper, iron, &c., and the loss of property must be very great.

Of the building a part was left standing—leaving three windows on Fulton street; there were seven in the whole width of it. The building thus appeared separated in two parts, leaving one part standing, with all its contents exposed to the public view.

Since the melancholy catastrophe, upwards of $1000 have been contributed by benevolent individuals for the benefit of Mr. Goddard's family; our citizens have likewise been liberal in their charities towards the other unfortunate sufferers. The particulars of this sad affair have been so generally published throughout the country, that were we to go into detail, it would interest no one—as most, if not all our readers will have read it before.

DESPATCH.—The Boston Palladium of Tuesday morning, April 24th, says the N. H. Spectator, (Newport,) "was *actually* received by us on Saturday evening last. *Only* five days in coming from Boston to this place! We shall petition to have it sent by the *baggage wagon*, in which case we shall receive it one day earlier."

We are in the habit of receiving the Traveller, of this city, published at least *ten rods* from our office in Wall-street, which adjoins the Post Office, at the same time with papers from Philadelphia of the same date. If Mr. HUNT's *Traveller* gives no better proof than this of speed and bottom, we won't bet on his produce.

FLATTERING.—An editor in Pennsylvania, in his last paper, has *forty-one* articles from the "Spirit of the Times," which in these days is no bad compliment. We forgot to say he stole 'em, or rather did not give us *credit*. The first time we meet with any [illegible] we shall *look* it,—so, look out for burglary, Mr. Telegraph!

"THE MIRROR OF TASTE"—A pretty name and an appropriate for the paper in question, is, with several other new publications, now lying on our table. It is published by Messrs. Dickinson & Worrall, Philadelphia, T. A. Worrall, Esq. editor. Praise from us they might deprecate, and we conclude with merely remarking that it is worthy of their city and themselves. We, with great pleasure, "cross our quills," with Mr. W. and wish the *taste*-ful publishers every success.

"ITEM." Here is one of the best we have seen, but we stole it: A gentleman accidentally intruded himself into a room where *eighteen tailors* were holding a meeting. "Good morning to *both* of you," he observed and immediately retreated.

AN ASSISTANT!! Friend Parmelee, of the Middlesex Gazette, in an apology for the appearance of his sheet, says, that at "the last holidays when we were under the unpleasant necessity of apologizing for the paucity of readable matter, we mentioned as an excuse, that the editor and the devil comprised the whole available strength of the establishment—but we are worse off now, for the *devil himself* has deserted us."

"I'D BE AN EDITOR."—A poor devil, formerly an editor of a paper in New-England, writes him of the N. H. Spectator, a right good fellow, by the way, a letter to which most political editors of the present time could say, *ditto*. It affords us a good deal of fun to see them snarling and snapping, when we know they don't care a *fig*, who gets *in*, or who goes *out*, so long as they receive the "*kimkles*." This same epistle is the best expose of the real feelings of the generality of the tribe, that we recollect to have seen. He writes, *confidentially*, that "next Fall, I shall lay my course due south, taking care to provide my finger with a Gygean ring. I shall endeavor to locate myself at Washington, and there 'sketch the manners living as they rise.' It shall be my endeavor so to humble and demean myself as to avoid all collision with 'mahogany stocks,' 'eight inch barrels,' 'and percussion locks'—for I have a great dread and abhorrence of that villanous compound of 'charcoal and saltpetre,'—neither have I a desire to witness a *chemical affinity* between my cranium and a hickory bludgeon—for when I quit this earthly tabernacle I want to go in 'good shape.'

"I have toiled and drudged—spent time, money, —sacrificed health—*seared my conscience*—administered to the views, and prompted the wishes of as ignorant a set of demagogues and mock statesmen as the land ever produced, for which I never received the boon of a *thank*. I sithere in my study, and reflect upon the exertions I have made for the purpose of getting men into office whom my soul utterly and heartily despised, yet such is an editor—he beats the bush while some worthless scoundrel carries off the bird."

There is too much truth in all this for a joke. We would beg leave to recommend a dog, gun, rod and tackle,—cut into the woods—spend a week in shooting and angling,—send us a communication, and we'll give you a supper at Delmonico's when you arrive here on "your course due South," if you do not assure us, you entirely recovered your health and spirits, and ended your spout, "a wiser and a better man."

KISSING.

We have just been looking over the first number of Tate's Edinburgh Magazine. It is very interesting, and almost equal to its rival Blackwood. We find only one article in it, however, of a peculiarly *sporting* character. This is an essay on *kissing*, which must be allowed to be the rarest and best kind of sport.

He thus describes the *kiss amatory*:—"On writing this word we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did —we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty, that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasted with the white of the eye or the carnation skin,—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down—down into the very soul,—the deep *hazel*, lustrous as a sea lit stream, seen through an opening in its willowy banks,—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long lock is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek; and at once you are in love. Then your spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the daring intoxication of love wafting it towards her; or in an affectation of the Quixote style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld,

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

"ITEMS."—The Eastern "Knights of the quill," have not yet rested from their labors in the article of domestic manufacture. Our friend of the Vt. Patriot, *gets the cultre*, but unfortunately though he affords us a good laugh, they are rather too highly seasoned with politics, for our sheet. We give a few as specimens of the *queer 'uns* in Vermont.

The editor of the Newport Spectator says he has actually seen quite as many as *two* swallows, and heard one frog peep. Poh! that's nothing. We saw eight ladies on horse-back last week, "galloping," as Washington Irving has it, "like mad." They kicked up quite a dust.

Why is matrimony like scandal? Give it up? Because it "robs a lady of her *good name*."

A cat, belonging to the editor of the Newport Spectator, was lately thrown into the river. The aggressor should be subjected to a *cat*-o'-nine-tails.

Rabelais tells a story of one Philipot Placut, who, being hale and hale, fell down dead as he was paying an old debt. A knowledge of this event is, probably, the cause why so many people are averse to paying off their creditors.

Beef steaks are said to be a certain remedy for hunger. They should be cooked according to the instructions of Macbeth—"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

A Southern paper says—"Mr. Van Buren *died* with the King of England, at Windsor, on the 24th. If this be true, he is no longer food for scandal, but "food for worms."

FINN'S COMIC SKETCH BOOK.—We are indebted to our enterprising and splendid publishers, Messrs. PEABODY & Co. 219 Broadway, for a copy of the 3d edition of this work. If any of our readers have yet to see it, we advise them to do so soon, as the present edition will shortly be among "the things that were." It is decidedly the best thing we wot of in a dull afternoon: or when one feels the want of a disciple of Momus, it will be found an excellent substitute.

FASHIONS.—We call the attention of our lady readers to an *expose* of the fashions, from an editor in *New-Hampshire*. He is "sorry that *Calashes* are going out of fashion—we think them far more becoming than poke bonnets or Navarings. But a friend assures us that they will not be altogether discarded by the fairest part of creation—they will merely be transferred from the head to the arm. In a word, a hole is to be cut through the back part—and they are henceforth to be worn as *Sleeves*."

VOCAL TRAGEDIANS.—Young Kean and Vandenhoff are good singers. John Kemble executed the music of *Richard Cœur de Lion* very creditably. Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil both sang pleasingly. Neither Betterton nor Garrick could sing a note. Quin, on the contrary, had a very fine voice; and Gay intended the tragedian to enact *Macbeth*, which, indeed, he rehearsed several times, but resigned (of his own accord) to Walker, who was afterwards a very popular vocalist.

A London paper says that Master Burke has realized $56,000 by his engagements at the different theatres in the United States within 18 months.

HACKETT.—The editor of the Standard, under head of Theatricals speaks of the "Col" in the following queer strain:

"Hackett, having finished his harvest "down east" has of late been "off south," and we hear has made a pretty essentially nice trip. He is beyond the westward now, and seems to have met some snags in his course. He is playing at Cincinnati, and to Ohio folks admire his Yankee characters mightily, though the N. England people dissented from them as warmly as they admired his Nim Wildfire. The Louisville gentlemen on seeing this latter personification of their humor and manners, felt disposed to row Mr. H. up Salt River. The Cincinnati American says, 'the Kentuckians in Louisville, we notice by the Journal and Focus, were highly indignant that Nimrod Wildfire should be allowed a just specimen of any class in old Kentuck; especially vexed were they, that Mr. H. should 'beard the Lionin his den,' should come in the midst of them *al* 'show up' such a chap as Nimrod as one of themselves; they had resolved, it appears, that Jr. H. should not repeat the performance, and the writer adds,—'a repetition was prudently aided.' Mr. Paulding, the author of the Play, a handled without gloves, and his 'Lion of the West,' his prize comedy, 'the production of American mind,' is in Kentucky forever d——d, as the players have it.'

We are not vy deeply exfluncated (surprised) at this verdict, in here, as we believe, no man of sound mind ever considered the character of Col. Nim. or its crsonation, as aught better than an amusing caricature."

"CORNED PORK!"—A man by the name of Hogg has been sentenced to three months imprisonment, in Kentucky, as a common drunkard.

HORSE-JOCKEY WIT.—'I say, old chap,' said a London Cockney to a coachman, 'will you let me have a drive?' 'Well, what will you stand?' 'A tanner,' (a six-pence.) 'Done,' said the driver. The young fellow mounted the box, and strove in vain to flog the jaded nags into a trot. At length he spied a little place where the skin was rubbed off, and he touched them on the spot skilfully with the end of the lash. They went off at a brisk pace. 'I say!' said the driver, 'pull up and give me the reins my fine fellow. I don't stand that, I can tell you, sir.' 'That's a little bit *I keeps for myself when I wants to show off*.'

A sailor was lately at a certain Chapel in Boston, the parson observing that he looked rather serious asked him, if he felt any "change?" The sailor put his hand in his pocket, and said, he was very sorry, but he had not one cent.

A SLEEPY HAT.—"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a shocking one on. "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because I think it's a long time since it had a *nap*," was the answer.

MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.—A negro in Tennessee, who had very unceremoniously split open the head of his master with an axe, was punished for the offence, by being tied to a stake—having a pen of pine splits made around him, and then burnt up to a cinder.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.—A few days ago, a youthful angler, being desirous of knowing experimentally what a poor trout's sensations were on being catched, contrived to get a hook fastened in his gullet, which was much easier done than undone. Surgical assistance was immediately procured and the hook extracted, but not, without considerable difficulty to the operators, and pain to the curious patient.—PERTH ADVERTISER.

Cobbet denies the existence of the Cholera in Great Britain. He declares it is nothing more than a political attempt to bamboozle John Bull.

MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE.—"Celibacy," says Dr. Franklin, "greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books is not the value of its proportion to the set.—What think you of an odd half of a pair of scissors? It cannot well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher."

A FEMALE POINTER.—A gentleman in a parish in Perthshire has a cat, which when she sees a gun taken up for the purpose of shooting sparrows, follows the gunner like a pointer. Neither does the report of the gun in the smallest degree affect her nervous system, but on the contrary, this wonderful household animal runs in, when the shot is fired, to secure for herself a part of the killed.

FORGERY.—A man named Jared L. Tallman, was tried and convicted in the Mayor's Court of Albany on Saturday last, for passing on various occasions counterfeit five dollar bills of the Fulton Bank. He belonged to a gang who follow the same business.

The Editors of the daily papers in New-Orleans refused to print any newspapers on Good Friday, out of respect to the solemnities of the day. By way of celebrating it with additional respect, a number of persons turned out in the afternoon, and fired pistols at each other.

A large rock was recently rolled down a mountain, in Huntington, Pa. which took a wrong direction, and descended into a house, in which there were a woman and two children. The woman's leg was broken, and one of her children killed. The shanty was completely *nullified*.

CURIOUS FORGERY.—A man has been detected in London, in carrying about letters upon which are impressed the post office "two-penny" stamps. He collects the imaginary "postage" upon these imaginary or counterfeit missives.

A TROLLOP.—An English Miss Trollope has published her views of American manners. We don't mean to be disrespectful, but she really talks like a huzzy! Misses should mind their own manners—not bore the world with *mis*-conceptions and *mis*carriages.—*Miner's Jour.*

A SPINSTER'S OBJECTION.

"Lady, I'll paint your portrait to the life:
But sit to me, and you shall be contented."
"No, sir, I shortly am to be a wife,
And should not like to be *mis*-represented.

A fair fashionable, lately united to one of the most dashing dandies of the day, having cause to complain of neglectful behaviour, the bridegroom replied, "Have patience, my dear, I am like the prodigal son, and will reform by-and-by." And I, sir, replied the spirited bride, "will also be like the prodigal son." "In what manner, madam?" "I will arise and go unto my father." She left the house the same morning.

The Quebec Gazette of April 30 says—Mr. Anderson gave his second Concert on Saturday. The house was, we were sorry to see, but poorly filled. Mr. Anderson acquitted himself very well in Tom Tug, and at the request of the audience sang Savournieen Deelish. Mr. Sefton announced that the Amateurs had volunteered to perform the Poor Soldier for Mr. Anderson's benefit on Wednesday.

Tuesday Mr. Anderson and Mr. Molt assist at the Concert of the Sepett Club, Albion Hotel.

The packet-ship John Jay arrived here on Friday morning from Liverpool. She has brought papers to the 7th ult.; their columns are principally occupied with conjectures respecting the course that the Cabinet would pursue with regard to the Reform Bill, to secure its passage in the House of Lords.

The Cholera was rapidly increasing in France. There had been 735 cases, and 267 deaths.

HOW TO ROTHER A SHERIFF.—Dr. J——s having just finished "digging his potatoes," thought fit a few days since, to make an attempt to raise himself a little in the world, and for this purpose, with the aid of a ladder he ascended to the roof of a barn, where he was exerting his talents in the very laudable business of nailing shingles. In this situation, he received a visit from an Officer of the law, for the purpose of arresting his body by virtue of an execution remaining unsatisfied.—The officer made known the object of his visit, and not perhaps duly considering the difference between the situation of a man on a barn and a man on the ground, stepped down from the ladder. Whereupon, the Doctor forthwith drew the ladder up to the roof of the barn, and being seized with a sudden fit of industry, fell to shingling incontinently, observing that he had no time to come down, and that if the officer had any particular business with him he had better come up and attend to it—at the same time utterly disclaiming any obligation on his part, to furnish said officer with a ladder for that purpose. The officer remonstrated—the doctor shingled. The one would not come down—the other could not get up—and as there is something rather peculiar in the position of these two parties in relation to each other, it may afford matter of curious speculation, to leave them in that position—so they are accordingly left.—YEOMAN'S GAZ.

THE DRAMA.

PARK.

We have not been permitted by a press of business to pay a visit to this house the past week, though our friends who have, assure us the performances have been of a high character. Miss Hughes has been delighting fashionable audiences, and Mrs. Austin too, has "wiled away a weary hour," and won new laurels, as the PRIMA DONNA of "Old Drury." We learn Mrs. Barrymore's night was a profitable one, which she well deserved; it gives us great pleasure to note the name of Mr. Barry, an actor of talent, and withal, a great favorite of our theatre-going community.—Tom and Jerry, with the Gambler's Fate, are announced for this evening, when we anticipate for the manager a full house. AMCU.

AMERICAN.

We have noticed the "Rent Day" so much at length on our first page, that room is barely left to say a word more of the American this week. We found time to "drop in" and see Miss Vincent, and also Mr. Blanchard's Dromio; as every body has seen the two, we cannot say any thing new of either; it is enough that they are known, though in the one case, not appreciated. In Mr. B.'s line of characters we have never seen him equalled, which is as much as any can state with truth, and the more we see, the better we like him. He indeed, "improves upon acquaintance."

We cannot suffer the opportunity to pass without giving Mr. Tuthill credit for his personation of Rolamo, in Clari; there is hardly room for improvement, and we give him our acknowledgements for the manner in which he sustained this difficult character throughout.

MISS VINCENT. The name of this beautiful Actress is so continually in the mouths of the theatre-going world, and critics have so repeatedly exhausted their powers of adulation in encomiums upon her merits, that we are quite fearful that any thing further we may say, will pass unread. Yet it is so grateful at the close of the week in preparing notices of the different theatres, to escape the stale speculations upon the theatrical routine, and to have a theme in which the feelings are enlisted, that we are tempted to run the hazard.

The impression Miss V. made upon the public during her first engagement, was so favorable, the "hit so decided," that we at first thought it was hardly right in Mr. Hamblin to bring her on again so soon. She seemed to have nothing more to gain, and we were apprehensive that the enthusiasm she had created would be destroyed by its own excess. But our fears have been quieted by the full houses she still continues to draw, and the hearty greetings with which she is welcomed on every reappearance.—Her success has been remarkable, but nothing more, we think, than we were warranted in expecting from her personal and mental accomplishments. She is beautiful and lady-like, with a fine figure and the "funniest little foot." She certainly possesses genius in a wonderful degree, and this it is which gives to her countenance its peculiarly interesting character. Her noble forehead, brilliant eye and curling lips, seemed formed only to express the elevated character of her mind. In this INTELLECTUALITY of her face [illegible] eluminates with its [illegible] beauty, and in watching the changing emotions which seem to light it up in the developments of a plot, we wonder not at the gamesness with which Hamblin makes his Romeo say,

"There hes more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet
And I am proof against their enmity.

if we may be allowed a long quotation, we would say that the following from Miss Kemble's new tragedy was remarkably apposite.

"Had a Homer's hand
Traced such a heavenly brow, and such a lip,
I would have sworn the knave had dreamt it all
In some fair vision of some fairer world.
See how she stands, all shrined in loveliness;
Her white hands clasped, her clustering locks thrown back
From her high forehead; and in those bright eyes
Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light!
That fall from those surpassing orbs as though
The starry eyes of heav'n wept silver dew."

We have not yet concluded whether to like her best in tragedy or comedy. When we have just witnessed her representations of the ardent and unfortunate love of Juliet, or the cruel agony of Clari, we seem to settle in our minds that the tragic muse is alone worthy of her genius; but our opinion is almost immediately unsettled again by seeing her in the characters of Miss Hardcastle and Kate O'Brien. If tears of sorrow are caused to flow by her powerful exhibitions of impassioned sorrow and despair, (only think of an editor being caught crying!) her bewitching archness in the "bar maid" and "Cork beauty" equally overcome us.

But we find ourselves rhapsodizing. Yet let not our readers at a distance imagine that we are peculiar in our feelings. We assure them that thousands are worse off than ourselves, and it is rumored that never was unfortunate damsel teased by the attentions of fashionable beaus and star-gazing poets, as has been the beautiful subject of this notice since her DEBUT.

What now shall we say? Shall we flatter Miss V.? Such offerings must now have become insipid to her. Shall we urge people to her benefit? She needs no such feeble assistance. Nothing then remains to us. We can only devoutly commend HER to her "good genius," and commit our[illegible] ARTICLE to the "devil."

RICHMOND HILL.

Is again to be opened, under the management of Mr. BARNES, on or about the 21st with a strong company. We learn with pleasure, Mr. Woodhull is engaged as stage manager, and from present appearances, we should not be surprised if this snug little establishment should flourish "like a green baize horse. The editors of the Traveller give the following clever paragraph of "Old Barnes."

"Old Barney—but who can call him so, when they see him in all his juvenility off the stage. In truth, he gives the lie direct to the appellation by which he has long been greeted. Under his auspices, from his great and deserved popularity, and ample means, there can not be a doubt but that this establishment will flourish. He has a little lee-way to bring up, and we wish him favoring gales."

Paganini it is said, has realized 22,000 pounds sterling on his late visit to England. A Quaker thus describes him—"He has a curious skill in drawing the tail of a horse over the bowels of a cat, and making sounds which people call music."

MISS O'NEIL.—Lady M—— afterwards related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neil, whom, as you know, I regard as the greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who, from the very commencement of her career, had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes and a miserable bed, which she shared with three sisters. Lady M—— once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M—— now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgment immediately to engage her for the metropolis. Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and, from a poor unknown young actress rose in one moment to be the first star of the theatrical firmament of England. * * * The year after, when the celebrated, admired, adored Miss O'Neil returned from London to act a few of her most popular parts, the infectious enchantment was so powerful, that not only the whole public was in the greatest tumult and agitation, but many ladi s were carried out from the theatre fainting. One became really insane from witnessing Belvidera's madness, and actually died in a mad-house. Really such facts as these render the enthusiasm of the many almost disgusting. * * * This great actress was also distinguished for her remarkable amiable character; she entirely supported her family, even at the greatest time of her poverty. She made her first appearance at a little private theatre in the country—this was afterwards shut, and occasionally used by a dilettanti company, when the profits of their performance were given to the poor of the country. They wrote to Miss O'Neil who was then in England, and begged her to consecrate this place which had witnessed her first efforts, by the last triumph of her genius, now the admiration of the three kingdoms; whatever terms she might propose would be agreed to. She replied that she felt herself extremely flattered and honored by the request; but that so far from accepting any pecuniary compensation, she would gladly seize the opportunity of offering this tribute to the cradle of her humble talents. Only on this condition, and that of being allowed to contribute her mite to her poor countrymen, would she appear on the day appointed.—I was assured by eye-witnesses, that they had never seen a more perfect piece of acting than hers on this occasion. Never had Miss O'Neil been better supported—never did she so surpass herself. It was a curious accident that a young Irish gentleman of fortune fell in love with her that very day, and shortly after married her. He robbed the public of an ingestimable treasure; but who can blame him? Miss O'Neil has now several children, is still charming, and lives happily on her husband's property. She has never trodden a stage, either in public or private, since her marriage.—*Tour of a German Prince.*

MILITARY PUNISHMENT—AFFECTING CASE. I never knew but one solitary instance in which a man recovered self-respect and general reputation after having been tortured and degraded by the punishment which is the subject of this letter.

When I was a regimental serjeant-major in the Light Dragoons, the regiment was one evening paraded for the purpose of seeing punishment inflicted. The delinquent was a private soldier, who had on previous occasions received, altogether, some thousands of lashes. Since his first flogging his name had been constantly in the guard reports, and he had scarcely done a day's duty. His offence on this occasion, was being drunk on guard, and his sentence was three hundred lashes. The court-martial was read, and even before it was finished he began to undress with apparent indifference and sullen apathy. He knew the heinousness of his crime, and he was well aware of its certain consequences. When he was tied up, his naked back presented so appalling and frightful a spectacle, that his kind-hearted commanding officer, on viewing it, turned his head instinctively from the sight, and stood absorbed in thought, with his eyes in another direction, as though reluctant to look on it again. Thus stood the commanding officer until the adjutant informed him all was ready. These words roused the colonel from his motionless position and he started when the adjutant addressed him. I can well imagine the struggle between duty and mercy by which his benevolent heart was assailed: but the latter was always his motto: and thus kindly predisposed, he walked slowly up to the prisoner, and viewed more closely his incerated back, on which were visible large lumps of thick and callous flesh, and weals which were distressing to behold. The colonel viewed his back some seconds unknown to the delinquent, and when he at length turned round (more from surprise that the flogging did not commence than from any other motive) his commanding officer addressed him in the following words: "C——, you are now tied up to receive the just reward of your total disregard and defiance of all order and discipline. Your back presents an awful spectacle to your surrounding comrades, and for my own part I would willingly withdraw it from their sight—but I fear your heart is as hard as your back, and that I have no alternative but to see that justice administered which the service requires. What possible benefit can you expect to derive from this continual disobedience of order, and disregard of the regulations of the service?" Thus addressed, in a mingled tone of benignity and firmness, the poor fellow seemed touched, and he wept bitterly. For a time he could say nothing, but at last he exclaimed, "I wish to God I was dead and out of your way! I am an unfortunate fellow; and I hope this flogging may be my last, and put me beyond the reach of that cursed and vile liquor which has been my ruin." The colonel and the whole regiment were now much affected, and many of the soldiers turned away their heads to hide their emotion.—Seeing this, the colonel called the attention of the offender to the commiseration of his comrades. The unhappy man looked round as he was directed, and seemed much distressed. The colonel then said, "I cannot bear to see your brother soldiers so much affected for you without removing the cause. Your sentence, therefore for their sakes, I will remit; and, instead of the chastisement which has been awarded to you, and which you so well deserve—if you will pledge yourself to me, in the presence of your commiserating comrades, that you will behave well in future, I will not only pardon you but promise, when your conduct shall merit it, to promote you to the rank of corporal." The astonished culprit called upon his comrades to bear witness to his words, while in a most solemn manner, he protested his firm resolution to amend.—A short time after, this man was promoted, and proved one of the best non-commissioned officer's in the service. The unlooked for mercy which had been extended towards him, and the total unexpected turn which the affair had taken, raised the feelings of his heart far above the level to which disgrace had plunged them, and every exertion was made by him to merit the kind consideration with which he had been distinguished. This man would often speak to me on this

NEW-YORK.

The Trinity Church Vestry Office, corner of Church and Fulton-street, was broken open and robbed on Monday night of about $1 200 in bank notes. The villians effected an entrance from the church-yard, through a window, which they found open; they broke open several desks and trunks, in one of which the keys of the fire proof were kept, which they found, and succeeded in unlocking it from which the money was taken.

Francois Lattua was arrested last night about 1 o'clock by the watchman, in the act of unlocking a store in Cedar street, with a false key. He was committed to answer the charge.

A man was brought up this morning charged with stealing a cloak. He gave his name Wm. Boyster, but was recognised to be an old offender, discharged from the State prison, whose name is Wm. Hughes.

A man named Tully McKenney was committed this morning, charged with stealing money from the ruins of the store of Phelps & Peck. He was one of the laborers employed to remove goods—on searching him $114 of the money was found.

A young man one of a number, who stole a cloak from a wagon in the street.

A young man was last evening apprehended with a roll of Satinet, for which an owner is wanted.

A man for stealing about half a load of wood last night—He is said to collect enough at nights to keep him groggy during the day.

PHILADELPHIA.

FAST RIDING.—A gentleman returning from the trotting match yesterday afternoon, was "showing off," in one of our most public streets, when a police officer, who happened to be a "judge" of such displays, sprang forward, seized the bridle, and "led" him before the Mayor, who fined him heavily. Take care sportsmen, the Philistines are upon ye!—*Philadelphia Chron.*

DISTRESSING CASE.—A female who gave her name Mary Cloz, was brought up this morning by watchman Vanbeck, who stated that he had arrested her last night near the theatre, for her disorderly conduct and blasphemous language. She had just come out of the theatre, in company with a young man, with whom she was arm-in-arm, and, upon some unknown provocation, a quarrel ensued between them, she being in liquor, which ended in her capture by the watch. When arrested, she was splendidly attired, her dress of the most costly and fashionable order, literally hang with golden chains, and sparkling with jewels, and the fingers of either hand thickly studded with rings. After arriving at the watch-house, a disguise was brought her by the young man with whom she first appeared, and a friend or two. The change consisted of a blue calash, and a fine brown cloth cloak. After the hearing before his honor, this morning, she was fined, and security required for her future good behaviour, at which her paramour gave his name. Upon enquiry, it was ascertained that she arrived in this city, a few weeks since, from the east, in company with an affectionate husband, the connexions of both being of the first respectability. He being obliged to travel to the south, upon business, chose rather to enjoy the company of his beautiful and seeming amiable and virtuous wife, on his journey, than leave her behind. Upon arriving in Philadelphia, she became fascinated with its appearance, and, though the young and favored wife of an affectionate and indulgent husband, expressed a desire to remain in the city until his return from his visit to Baltimore, the place of his destination.—Unused to thwart her wishes, he acquiesced, and securing a home for her at the place they lodged, a hotel of the first respectability, and trusting to her fidelity, took passage for Baltimore, and left her. Since when her fair fame has changed to one of foul and black dishonor, and she is now on the high road to infamy and ruin.

She left the city for New-York to-day, to avoid a meeting with her injured partner. *Ib.*

MONDAY, May 7.—An unusual scarcity of prisoners marked the docks this morning, considering the interval since the last hearing.—Three cases only called for judicial notice. That of two honest Hibernians, Aaron Gibbs and Joseph Newbold, appeared the most interesting, and caused considerable mirth to the spectators.

The watch found them both "drunk as lords," in Walnut-st., near Fifth; Aaron had strode through a mortar bed, and was thickly coated with the adhesive composition as high as the second joint of his supporters. He said he came from Camden, in the "Jarsey."

"Aaron what have you to say in mitigation of your conduct last night?"

A.—Why, your Honor, may be I'd better not be after saying any thing at all at all on the subject, for fear I might call hard names to some body. But I'll just hint that the worthy watch knows nothing about the matter, although he has sworn that he knows ALL about it; for he told me last night that I was drunk as a beast and this morning he tells your Honor I was only "drunk as a lord." Now, I know I was sober as a judge, and I can prove it too, for I was taking care of Tommy, here, who was only a little "slewed" or so himself.

A.—Sure, and that same is all Tommy's fault, for he dared me to walk through it and he would follow; and like the inmortal Cæsar, when, once upon a time, on a "raw and gusty day," he lept into roaring Tiber, so did I into the mortar bed—

"And bade him follow me."

But divil a bit wud he home, and so I was left to work out my own salvation alone, with the witness of my daring thick upon me.

"It is certain, Aaron, that you could not have been very sober when you ran through the mortar bed, so you must both pay your fines, and give security for your future good behavior."

ROCHESTER, May 3.—The new Jail in this city was broken night before last, and two prisoners named Wells Knapp and Warren Niles escaped. Knapp and Niles were both under the sentence of imprisonment for ten years in the State prison for highway robbery. At about ten o'clock in the evening, they were heavily ironed and shackled together, preparatory to starting for Auburn at three in the morning—and as the cells only admit one person in each, they were left in the hall for the night. When the Jailor entered, at a little before three, he discovered that these prisoners had escaped—on examination it was ascertained that they had broken the lock on the iron door of the third story, which gave them entrance into the debtors' part of the prison; they then forced open, by means of a plank, a small scuttle leading into the loft whence they descended through the stair way of the dwelling house. From the testimony of other prisoners it seems this took place about one o'clock. The Sheriff has offered a reward of one hundred dollars for their apprehension.

EXCHANGE.—A most flagrant and deliberate violation of the sacred ties of matrimony took place in this neighborhood a few days ago. A mutual transfer of wives was made by an instrument of writing signed, sealed, and delivered, which constituted what the parties might call a fair swap. This heathenish outrage on the rights of women deserves the pillory or bastinado, administered with plentiful liberality. There is, however, some slight mitigation of the offence in the voluntary and cheerful performance of the contract which took place on the part of the ladies.—

ANGLERS' CELEBRATION.

The Centennial Celebration of the Fishing Company of Pennsylvania, took place at their Castle, on the Schuylkill, on Tuesday, the 1st of May, in a style, pronounced by our quaker friend Poulson, "worthy of the occasion." Joseph S. Lewis, Esq. the oldest Counsellor and Gov. pro. tem. made a very appropriate address, in which he took a rapid view of the first establishment, the happy progress, and present condition of the State in Schuylkill, depicting in graphic language, the ancient appearance of the country, when Philadelphia was little more than a village, "where every man knew his neighbor;" when forests difficult to penetrate, lay between the town and the old domain of the State, above the Upper Bridge, while the tribes of the red men still lingered in the neighborhood. He dwelt with merited eulogium on the characters of many of the fathers of the company, and of those of more recent times distinguished for their services in the two wars of our common country, and happily and truly described the cultivation of the social virtues, illustrated by the good fellowship which has always been maintained between the members of the community.

He depicted the prosperity of the State as arising out of the constant adherence to the good old rules of the Association, and exhorted the members, as they valued its continuance, to preserve the spirit of these rules, so that at the end of another century, their successors might look back to those celebrating this day, with the same satisfaction that those now present regarded the worthies that had preceded them.

The banquet board was spread with every delicacy the air, the earth, and water yields, among which was the shad, *plank-cooked*, agreeable to ancient usage; the delicious salmon-trout, and a gigantic rock-fish, borne on the ample dish of William Penn.

The company consisted of about one hundred—more than seventy of these were invited guests, among were James N. Barker, Esq. Richard Penn Smith, Z. Barton Stout, Esq, of New York, Col. Franklin, of Harrisburg, Joseph Watson, late Mayor of Philadelphia.

JOSEPH S. KEWIS, Esq. presided, assisted by Counsellor WILLIAM W. FISHER, and S. N. Lewis, Treasurer of the State, and after the banquet, fourteen regular toasts, (being one for each of the original states, including the State in Schuylkill,) were drank amidst the greatest hilarity, enlivened by songs from Mr. Howard, Mr. Norton, and others.

Our limits will not admit a more detailed account. But we trust the following Song from the pen of RICHARD PENN SMITH, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

SONG.

Come pull boys, pull and row boys, row,
We all are fishermen here below,
Some fish on land, and some on sea,
Some bob for whale, and some for sprats,
While others catch but water rats.
No matter where our boot we row,
We find all fishing here below.

The statesman who protests that he
Would die for us and liberty:
The swain who sweets in spite of time,
The wealthy widow's in her prime:
The demagogue who makes a fuss,—
Are fishing all to gudgeon us,
Then pull boys, pull, and row boys, row,
We all are fishing here below.

The lawyer casts the wily net,
The parson, too, some lines has set,
The damsel, timid as the deer,
The widow with the roguish leer,
Though modest as the wife of Lot,
Are fishing both for—you know what.
Then pull boys, pull, and row boys, row,
We all are fishing here below.

Yes, e'n *below* extends the plan,
Old Nick himself's a fisherman.
And few like him can bait a hook—
The best, sometimes, have "fisher's luck;"
But rain or shine, what e'er befal,
He never gets a water haul.
Then pull boys, pull, and row boys, row,
We all are fishing here below.

N. Y. Traveller

THE BULL JUDICIAL. The Morning Herald says—"In the last term the fifteen judges of England promulgated 110 new orders to regulate the practice of the superior courts. The 110 is the following.—'Where a pauper omits to proceed to trial pursuant to notice, or an undertaking, he may be called upon, by a rule, to *show cause why he should not pay the costs!*"

The following is an item from an advertisement of a series of pugilistic and gymnastic entertainments at the Adelphi theatre, Baltimore:

"The evening's sport is to be so arranged as to be entertaining to the most fastidious; and to add to their entertainment, a gentleman will bend a large poker over his arm!"

If the most fastidious were not pleased with that, they should have been compelled to swallow the poker.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Dinner Hour.

"The clock trikes" *three*, while we write; and to a single man, (all genuine *gourmands* ought to be single) and in easy circumstances there can scarcely ever occur, in twenty four hours, a more important and interesting event than dinner. To order, to anticipate, to eat, and *to remember it*, form ample occupation and amusement for the day; and if, perchance, instead of dining at home, he is invited to share the repast of a fellow *connoisseur*, curiosity, wonder, hope, and fear, keep his mind in a state of agreeable agitation during the morning. It has been stated by moralists, that in no state or condition of life can we find ourselves without duties to perform, and temptations to resist; and assuredly the epicure who seats himself at the well spread dinner table, with taste and appetite to relish its luxuries, has too often, alas! abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience, good humour, and self command. Perhaps he finds himself in company of which ladies form a large proportion, and he sees the venison helping, the fat diminishing, the gravy cooling; while by an absurd custom, those least capable of appreciating their excellencies, are receiving the best slices in their best state. Is their no merit in smoothing the brow, and refraining the tongue, under circumstances like these? Or peradventure—but if we stay scribbling here, we shall have to adopt the Scotch proverb, "*Diana* forget," and being somewhat of a "joint executor," we had a little rather not.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

LONGEVITY OF ANGLERS.—Most of the anglers of antiquity attained to great age. Dr. Nowell reached 95 years; Walton died in 1683, at the age of 90; Sir Henry Wotton died at 71; Cotton, Barker, and Venables, of the old world, and Stretch, Morris, and others, of our little republic, attained advanced ages, and all with faculties unimpaired.

FEMALE SELF-DEVOTION.—The following beautiful tribute, says the Banner of the Church, as just as it is beautiful, to the uncomplaining meekness, fortitude, and patience of the gentler sex, is from the pen of Bishop Heber.

"We remember the beautiful drama of Alcestis; how the young and innocent wife surrended herself to an untimely grave, that, by her sacrifice, she might snatch her husband from his untimely doom, and glut the jaws of the grisly phantom which kept watch before the gate of Admetus. But, in this tale, it is only the mythology which is fabulous. In the rest, *agnosco fortunam multiebrm, agnosco multiebre in-genium!* I trace, in this description, the character and the frequent fate of that sex which, with pain and anxiety, brings us into the world; which, as we are gradually sinking to our latest sleep, supports and cherishes us with more than maternal tenderness, which endangers and abandons its own youth, its own health and life, to lengthen the days and alleviate the sufferings of unconscious infancy, of selfish old age, and of querulous and unthankful sickness!"

Who does not recognise, who does not admire the picture! Who will not reverence and love the original!

A Card—Exchange.

☞Editors inserting our *new* Card will be supplied gratis with Foreign Papers—in addition to our own. W. T. P. & Co.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
AND
LIFE IN NEW-YORK,
A WEEKLY
SPORTING PAPER,
ON THE PLAN OF
Bell's Life in London,
ENLARGED
TO THE LARGEST CLASS IMPERIAL

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Address, (post paid or left in the Post-Office,)
WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.,
No. 35 WALL-STREET, New-York.

Broadway News Room.

FOUR doors below Maiden lane.—The subscriber has recently opened at his establishment, 168 Broadway, an extensive Subscription News Room which it is his intention to render as useful and interesting to the public as possible, being determined to spare neither exertion nor expense to attain that end.

The room is spacious, light and airy, and there are now spread about sixty newspapers, comprising all the Literary, Political, and Commercial Papers of the City, and most of those of the principal Cities and Towns of the Union.

In addition to the above, a table will be supplied with all the Quarterly and many of the other literary and scientific Periodicals of our country.

Orders have been sent to England for the Edinburgh Review, the London Quarterly, Blackwood's and Fraser's Magazines, and it is the intention of the proprietor to make constant and valuable additions of the most popular publications of this country and of Europe.

To subscribers, will be given the privilege of introducing their friends free of expense.

The room will be open from sunrise until 10 o'clock, P. M. and during the evening will be amply lighted by gas.

The expense per annum to Subscribers will be two dollars:—per Quarter, fifty cents.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to this establishment are invited to leave their names at the News Room, where the book is now open.

JOHN L. CLARK, 168 Broadway.

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The introduction of machinary, in place of the tedious and unhealthy process of casting type by hand, long a desideratum by the European and American Founders, was, by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter, has fully tested and established its superiority in every particular, over that cast by the old process.

The Letter Foundery business will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named, under the firm of WHITE, HAGAR & CO.—Their specimen exhibits a complete series from Diamond to 14 lines Pica. The book and news type being in the most modern light and style.

WHITE, HAGAR & CO. are agents for the sale of the *Smith and Rust Printing Presses*, which they can furnish to their customers at the manufacturers' prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink, and every article used in the Printing Business kept on sale, and furnished on short notice. Old Type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N. B. News-paper Proprietors who give the above three insertions, will be entitled to Five Dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen. E. WHITE,
m 12 WM. HAGAR

Books, Engravings,

Drawing Materials, Stationary, Fancy Goods Periodical Publications, etc. etc. etc.

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PEABODY & CO., Proprietors of this establishment, *import direct from London and Paris*, the most superb goods of the various descriptions named at the head of this sheet: to which they invite the attention of those who wish the best quality of goods; the wisdom of which are sold at the lowest advance on the importation cost. Dealers, principals of academies, and artists, supplied on liberal terms.

London and American Books.—All the new and fashionable publications of the day, received as soon as published—*London Books* imported to order—*American Works* sold at very low rates, at wholesale or retail, for cash or credit.

Periodical Publications.—Peabody & Co. are agents for several standard and popular *Foreign Magazines*, also for many of the best American Periodicals.

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Stationary Articles.—Letter paper, extra glazed Bath, gilt; Bath, gilt; do. plain; large post, gilt; French, thick post, gilt; do. thin, do. Donaldson's rose, lemon, blue, and white, perfumed and gilt; Donaldson's rose and lemon, plain; Donaldson's laid, perfumed and gilt, lemon and white; fine vellum, blue and white.

Foolscap Paper, fine and ordinary.

Note papers—Bath embossed, tinted and gilt 8 vo and quarto; Bath, tinted and gilt; Bath, 8vo gilt; do quarto, gilt; Donaldson's perfumed, rose lemon, blue and white.

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Note and Letter Sealing Wax, assorted colours, very fine.—Wafers, in boxes and in quantities.—Superior made Pens; Mordan's ivory and ebony Pen Holders.

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Mordan's complete Morocco writing boxes, with 100 pens, wafers, sealing wax, pencil, pen holder, and ink glass, very complete and portable.

Elegant Morocco and calf skin letter Portfolios, with pockets, blotter and lock, embossed and plain; rosewood rulers, with pencil, India rubber and letter stamp; India rubber; India carved ivory and plain paper folders; Mother of Pearl do.; Ordinary do.

Medallion wafers, heads and figures; Mother of pearl and ivory seals; seals with heads, figures, &c.; Inkstands, fancy, great variety; do. rich rosewood buh'd Library complete, very elegant; do. mahogany do.

Rosewood buh'd writing boxes, with wafers, sealing wax, pens, ink glasses, &c.

Writing Desks, splendid rosewood and mahogany, pearl and brass buh'd various patterns and sizes, &c.

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Fire Screens, plain and embellished; great variety; mantle ornaments; Match cups; Match figures; watch stands; splendid buh'd do.; splendid buh'd do.; splendid buh'd ladies dressing and jewel cases, work boxes and writing desks; do. gentlemen's shaving and dressing cases; do. do. ink stands; do. do. music stands.

Dissected Maps, Games, &c.; sets of dominos and dice, in carved and plain ivory cases; Pocket books, various; needle and thread cases; Wallets.

Backgammon Boards, complete.

Draft Boards. Elegant carved chessmen; Chinese puzzles; Scissors, Penknives.

Elegant London scrap books and albums.

Port Folios; boxes of toys, &c.

Black Lines, for writing; plain albums; screen handles; Gold balls and feet; gold edgings, ornaments; paper edgings; fancy papers, great variety, gold and silver paper; Morocco paper; Chinese do.; marble do.; Turkey marble do.; tortoise shell do.; card cases various.

[illegible] lain, gold bordered, visiting and invitation cards; polished surface do.; plain gilt do.; sketch books; blank books.

Tablets, very pretty, with and without embellishment; sandal wood, bark and carved ivory fans; fancy music tablets.

Fancy music paper.

Music paper; watch papers; large and small path paper.

Gold and silver Liquid, for painting and ruling.

Coloured, cylinder, and plain Tissue paper.

Gold, silver, bronze, &c. in shells, for painting.

Horn, or Formula paper; tracing paper.

Gold and Silver paper; ornament board, for making card racks, screens, &c.

Elegant embossed Bristol boards, for screens, not made up; drawing papers; Crayon paper.

Water colours, single cakes, and in boxes.

Sable and camel's hair pencils.

Ivory paper; miniature frames; Ivories, for miniatures.

Elegant gold bordered porcelain tablets.

The Lord's Prayer and Commandments, elegantly printed in gold and silver, on porcelain boards.

Elegant bordered display bills, for shop windows, &c.

Cologne Water, Genuine Farina, warranted, lavender, honey, rose, orange, flower, bay, and Florida Water; musk scented lavender; Esprit de rose; extracts of rose, lavender, bergamot, lemon, &c.; antique and Macassar oil: Beau's grease; Rowlands Kalydor; milk of roses; pearl powder; Rouge; tooth powder; shaving soap; otto of rose soap; small prints and drawings of birds, shells, landscapes, &c. for scrap books, tables, &c.; Caricatures, humourous and sporting engravings, &c.

Drawing Materials, fine London prepared drawing pencils, for artists, &c. very superior; Brookman and Langdon's and Reeve's do.; L. I. Cohen's prepared pencils; Cunningham's do.; ivory folders; thick card board for painting on spirit colours, assorted, in bottles.

Velvet colours, in boxes, with cups, brushes, &c. complete—boxes of fine chalk pencils.

Best English Camel's hair Pencils—best Sable do.—pencil sticks—Best Camel's hair pencils, with sticks—fine writing pencils, for sign painters, together with a general assortment of all articles for painting and drawing.

Drawing Books—Lithographic and other drawing books.

Best English Drawing Papers—demi, medium, royal, super royal, imperial, Colombier, and double elephant.

Crespon paper, all tints.

Plain and embossed Bristolboards, various sizes, white and tinted.

Water Colours, Newman's and Reeve's warranted genuine and superior—or sale, single or in boxes of 6, 12, 18, 24, or 30 colours, also with lock, drawers, slabs, cups, pencils, &c. 6, 12, 18, 24, or 30 colours, &c.

Crayons, best conte, black, No. 1 and 2—white do.—chalk pencils, all tints,—port crayons, stumps India ink: gold and silver liquid, for painting and ruling: India rubber, gold, silver, bronze, &c. in shells: tracing paper; Horn or formula paper.

Annuals, orders for any of the Annals receiv'd.

Annuals for 1832, for sale, viz.—The Keepsake, Landscape Annual; Gem; Literary Souvenir; Winter's Wreath; Forget-Me-Not; Amulet; Bijou; Golden Lyre; Friendship's Offering; Atlantic Souvenir; Token; Pearl, &.

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Music bound; the music carefully arranged, if necessary, and if torn, repaired; Music Portfolios for sale by PEABODY & CO.,
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PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

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First day—At 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, one mile heats, for $300 each, $100 forf it—eight subscribers.

At two o'clock two mile heats: purse $200.

Second day—At 2 o'clock, three mile heats purse $300.

Third day—At 2 o'clock, 4 mile heats: purse $500. *Poughkeepsie, April 18, 1832.*

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500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do second quality do do
3000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
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2000 do Gent'lemen's calf do do
3000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do do
2000 do Women's prime fine leather waiting Shoes.
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1000 do do Lasting, do do
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Also, an invoice of 50 cases, consisting a general assortment of Men's and boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

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NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

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Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

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THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on once.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast cloth. JH

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LATE WM. HOGAN & CO.

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New-York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great dispatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts
Cannon to Six Line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeoise,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90
Agate,	1,10
Pearl,	1,40
Diamond	2,00

All other articles of the Type Foundry, in proportion.

☞ A PELL & BROTHER, cast their book and newspaper fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith's Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes by the exertions made and now making of bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness. Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

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Every article made use of in the Printing line, furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices.

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NEW BOOK STORE,
No. 16, *Exchange-Buildings,*
ST. CLAIR-STREET PITTSBURGH, PA.

J. J. SYLVESTER, has lately received ONE HUNDRED CASES OF BOOKS comprising a complete assortment in every department of Literature, which he will sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any *other house* in the western country. Dealers can save considerable, by making their purchases this side of the mountains, in carriage, and receive their books in order.

300 Family Bibles,
200 Octavo do.
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1000 Testaments,
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1000 Walker's Dictionary, school edition,
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1000 Letter Writers,
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100 Dick's Christian Philosopher,
100 do. Philosophy of Religion,
100 do. Future State,
200 McKenzie's 5000 Receipts,
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A L S O,

Lord Byron's works in two vols.
do. Library edition, elegantly bound,
Sterne's works, do. do
Cowper's and Thompsons, do. do
Young's, Milton's, Gray's, Brattie's and Collin's works, elegantly bound;
Rogers's, Campbell's Lamb's Montgomery's
Kicks, White's do do.
Heman's Hebert's, and Pollock's do
Goldsmith's do. elegantly bound,
Scott's poetical do do.
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Paley's works, do do.
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Hunter's Sacred Biography, do. do.
Newton on the Prophecies.

☞A complete assortment of Theological, Law, Medical, School, Blank and Miscellaneous books.—*ALSO*, Playing Cards, Quills, Eastern Writing Paper in Large or small quantities

Pittsburgh, April 2nd 1832

UNION COURSE, L. Island.

THE Spring Races, under the direction of the Stewards will take place over the Union Course, on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th days of May next.

1st day, Purse of $300, heats of 2 miles
2d " do. 500, do. 4 do.
3d " do. 300, do. 1 do.

RACES.

THE Harrods Ferry and Bolivar Jockey Club Races will commence on Wednesday, 30th of May next, when the Club will offer a purse of $100, to be run for by three year old colts: each horse entered, to pay the sum of $5 to be handed in the above purse; two mile heats. On Thursday the 31st May, a purse of $150 three mile heats. And on Friday 1st June, a purse of $250, four mile heats.

The above races to be governed by the rules of the Baltimore Central Course, four horses to be entered each day, or no race; free for any one, the winning horse of each day excepted; the colts to be entered by the 1st May, and named the evening before the race. ap 25.

A. COX, Jr.
STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on once.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast cloth. JH

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood, 175, Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

Robert H. Elton,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION ST.
NEW-YORK.

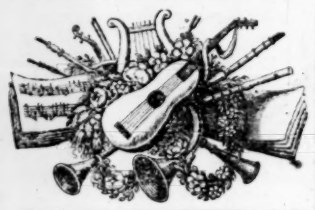
A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. ccc 10tf

TO PRINTERS.
A. PELL & BROTHER.
LATE WM. HOGAN & CO.

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New-York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great dispatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts
Cannon to Six Line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeoise,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90
Agate,	1,10
Pearl,	1,40



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR A BRACE OF WOODCOCKS.

My thanks I'll no longer delay,
For birds you have shot with such skill,
But though there was nothing to pay,
Yet each of them brought in *a bill*.

I mean not, my friend, to complain,
The matter was perfectly right,
And when such bills as these come again.
I'll always *accept them at sight*.

AUCTION SALES.

EXTRACTED FROM MY PORTFEUILLE—NO. 5.

I was the other day looking over an old Portfeuille of the year 1803, says a correspondent of the Microscope, when I came across the following queer advertisement. I do not think I could have seen the sale myself; but I will vouch for its authenticity. So here you have it:

"ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

To be sold at Gravesend, Essex side of Worlds end by W. Neversell, on Monday morning, 32d February, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon.

Lot 1. A copper cart-saddle—a leather handsaw two woollen frying-pans, and a glass wheelbarrow—with copious notes of the author.

Lot 2. Three pair of pea-straw breeches—a china quart cart, and three glass bedsteads—with copper hangings—engraved by James Needleson.

Lot 3. One deal coal grate, with a paper smoke preventer—a mahogany poker, and a pair of gauze bellows.

Lot 4. One leather tea-kettle—an iron feather bed—six pairs of brass boots, and a red steel night cap—1 vols. in 2.

Also—one pewter waistcoat, and three flint wigs, handsomely bound in calf—one large octavo bell metal screw—a pewter looking glass—a japan beetle—two miles of the Journal of Humanity, and a quantity of leather wedges—two sixteen year old white pine razors, and a pinchbeck swill tub—three silver hencoops mounted with gold—and a pair of glass suspenders—a wheat straw gridiron, and a quantity of lambskin grindstones—three satin canal boats, and a dimity coal skuttle—three brass shifts, and an ivory modesty piece—two double bored ladies pumps, with silk safety chains—a bobbinet umbrella, and 4 whalebone ladie's knee stiffners," &c.

Now here, surely, was a good assortment. I saw an auction sale of beautiful women when I was in Constantinople. They were brought from Circassia. There was one girl who was so surpassingly beautiful that I bought her myself—although a bachelor of thirty-five. She told me her story—it was a very melancholy one. She besought me to let her return to Circassia, to her own true love. She offered me—what? She had nothing to give me! She offered me herself. She had never been to a Sunday-School, and did not know but it was as innocent to enjoy pleasure without asking a blessing over it, as it was to go through a useless ceremony, which inflicts restraints upon both parties that they always take care to take advantage of. No, No! "Variety's the spice of life"—take *pleasure* when and where you can. My little Circassian girl had never read Byron, but she had been to the same school, nature—and she thought

"Oh pleasure, you're indeed a pleasant thing,
Although one must be damned for you no doubt'"

I do not know as she had ever thought of the shocking idea contained in the last line—probably not. Shall I give you the story of this girl? 'Tis not long:

"I am a poor peasant girl of Circassia. My parents sold me to a travelling caravan of Turkish merchants, who passed by our dwelling. The young prince of Circassia loves me—I want to go back to my country. Oh, sir, let me go—I shall always love you more than life."

I was affected. I told her she should go home to her lover. I recollected that I had bought a servant, who said he was a Circassian, and I determined to let my generous propensity run, and send him to show *ma chere amie* to her own country. I rang for him. He entered: and in the next moment my little rogue of a beauty was in his arms. It was her lover, the young Prince of Circassia! I threw them my purse, and staid not to hear their thanks—but called my barouche, and the next day set sail for my own country.—It was my last adventure on the other side of the world. SMALL PICA.

A PROFANE PARROT.—A laughable affair happened during my residence at Bristol. A captain of a ship brought a Parrot as a present to a family, the mistress of which being a methodist, happened to have one of the preachers call in at dinner time, so that the captain and preacher were both asked to stay. As soon as the table was covered, the preacher began a long grace, in the midst of which, Poll, who had been put in a corner of the room, called out "D——n your eyes! tip us none of your jaw!" This, with the immoderate laughter of the captain, entirely disconcerted the pious man.—*Life of Jas. Lackington.*

BURNING.—"And it came to pass on the morrow, that he (Hazael) took a thick cloth, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his (Ben-hadad's) face, so that he died; and Hazael reigned in his stead."—2 Kings, viii. 15.

SAFETY BRIDLE.—A new sort of bridle has just been invented; it consists of a pulley so contrived to act upon the bit and mouth, that the most ungovernable horse must infallibly be stopped at once, whether in riding or driving.

SERMONS IN STONES.—Some alarm is manifested at the state of London Bridge, and it is said *the piers* are giving way, an example which it is to be hoped the other *Peers* will have the good sense to follow.—*Figaro in London.*

We are told that the member for old Sarum was lately in danger of being pelted with stones, and, indeed he would have found it *hard* to have been assailed with his *own constituents*.—*Figaro in London.*

A NEW THING IN IRELAND.—A Castlebar paper relates an exploit of some soldiers and policemen in these (geo)graphic words:—"The *island* being *surrounded with water*, the whole party had to wade through a lake."

BENT OF GENIUS.—Liston, Wilkinson, and Reeve commenced as tragedians—so did Oxberry and J. Russell. The late Mr. Knight played fops and fine gentlemen; Munden acted *Macbeth* at Shrewsbury; W. Farren lately *starved in Shylock*, and Matthews acted *Othello* at Liverpool. To this may be added that Grimaldi played *Richard the Third* several times; and that Kean has "gone on," at different periods, for harlequin pantaloon, and clown.

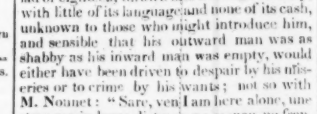
NONNET THE FRENCH BARBER.—This person was once quite the rage at Bath. He ran from street to street, trying his irons on a paper in his fingers, that he might be ready to pounce on the head of a lady, the moment the door was opened. He came to England to seek his fortune, conscious of possessing that knowledge of the "sublime art" he possessed, which ought to insure success among a people whom he fully believed incapable of attaining it, and conscious also that he had no other means to keep the body and soul together, than the speedy application of his talents to his necessities. An English lad of eighteen, thrown into a foreign country, with little of its language and none of its cash, unknown to those who might introduce him, and sensible that his outward man was as shabby as his inward man was empty, would either have been driven to despair by his miseries or to crime by his wants; not so with M. Nonnet: "Sare, ven I am here alone, une stranger, in large distress, no money, no frein, I run about with my tongs, run, run, run, up von street, down anodder—sometimes I sing, sometimes I swear, mon dieu! but always I run. So at last say de ladies, vot busy man is dat yong Frenchman like is hurry to death, and den von vill have me, and anodder vill have me. I ask much, n'importe dey give, and see what is Nonnet now? Sare, no man vill get his bread, if he say he have no bread. Such was Nonnet's account of himself, when he had a large family, a good establishment, and took the same money for dressing a lady's hair, per week, that her husband paid him for a good lodging-house, viz. seven guineas. His profits in the season were immense, but his sight was greatly injured, it was thought, by the use of "marchalle" powder, which was pungent and inflammatory.

Nonnet was most gallantly appropriated to the ladies, for whom he always prescribed certain pins and cushions, which were not less indispensable than the magic touch of his fingers—and the whole expense of preparing a family of females for a ball became a most serious consideration for papas of moderate estates, which were certainly "puffed" away by the girls of that day with more celerity than the dancing, singing, and harp-mastering system we have now. It is true, there was more to show for it—a young woman's head in full curl was a kind of glacier in the world of beauty, covered with diurnal snows, contrasting exquisitely with the rouge on her cheeks below.

NO MISTAKE.—An Irish pig-merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his ragged appearance denoted, took an inside place in one of our stage-coaches. A dandy, who was a fellow-passenger, was much annoyed at the presence of Pat; and having missed his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket, threatening to have him taken before a magistrate at the next stage. Before they arrived there, however, the exquisite found his handkerchief, which he had deposited in his hat. He made an awkward kind of apology upon the occasion, but Pat stopped him short with this remark, "Make yourself aisy, darling, there's no occasion for any bother about the matter. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman, and we are both mistaken, that's all, honey.

On Wednesday last, a gentleman observed a news-vender passing his house, and sent out a young girl with instructions to procure him "a *Scotsman*." To his surprise she returned without one; and on being asked the reason she replied, with much simplicity, "I didna ken a Scotchman frae an Englishman on the street!"—*Scotsman.*

The young Jules de Lasteyrie, grandson of Gen. Lafayette, who was one of his grandfather's Aides-de-Camp during the General's command of the National Guard, has joined the expedition of Don Pedro as a volunteer.



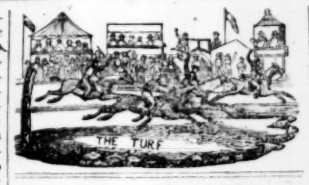
A GOOD MESS OF TROUT.—Some kind follower of the ways of old Izaak Walton, says the editor of the Sporting Magazine, caused a fine dish of trout to be placed on our breakfast table last week. They proved to be part of a morning's taking of three dozen, in a stream on the head of Gunpowder, but where exactly, Mr. C. and Mr. G., the angler's what hook'd 'em, seemed not willing to *locate*; and we not only let them off, but promised to resist *similar provocations* to be inquisitive. All are "fish that come into our net," and any honest lover of the angle will be let off in like manner who chooses to whet our curiosity *in the same way*. There is little doubt that were the streams in our vicinity carefully explored there are many that would afford fine sport in angling for trout.

DOMESTIC CAT DIVING FOR FISH.

SIR—In reading that delightful little work of Mr. Whit's, "The Natural History of Shelborne," the propensity of cats for fish, and their repugnance to wetting their feet, are remarked by the intelligent author. An anecdote or two of these beautiful but maligned quadrupeds, proving their piscivorous natures in the one case, and in the other a strong natural antipathy overcome by a still more powerful propensity, will perhaps be amusing to some of your readers, who, like myself have a regard for every thing "which lives, and moves and has a being." In the centre of my farther's garden was a fish pond stocked with various kinds of fish. Many a time and oft have I witnessed puss (and a very pretty tortoise shell puss she was, and a great favorite withal) watching at its brink for its finny inmates, and on their appearing at the surface darting on her prey, and in spite of the wetting and ducking she encountered, bringing them in triumph to the pond's edge, and regaling on the delicious fare. This sport, I believe, she continued in the enjoyment of till the day of her death; and so amused were we with her angling powers, that no obstruction was ever thrown in her way.—The pond, moreover, was not as some may imagine sloping in its bottom, and picturesque in its appearance, but it was completely a cockney pond in its *tout ensemble*, octangular in its shape, of precise equality in its depth, with pavement smooth and regular both in the sides and base; therefore, before this puss could gratify her taste, a plunge was to be taken which was sufficient to make the stoutest cat's heart tremble.

The other anecdote relates to a cat of more extraordinary acquirements, which belonged to one of my workmen. In a large and deep pond at my premises in the Green Lanes, a stock—not of fish but of rats—had accumulated, the destruction of which was undertaken by this uncommon cat. He was daily in the habit, for nine or ten years, of stationing himself on the margin of the water and of jumping into the liquid element on the appearance of his game. A day seldom closed unsuccessfully, and he has been seen and known to catch and bring from the watery deep four of those vile vermin betwixt sunrise and sunset. As I said, this amusement was kept up by him for the space of ten years, in fact until his ratcatching powers deserted him; and when his teeth became all extracted in the performance of his daily feats, his master had him killed that the miserable death of starvation might not await him. This cat was truly a sportsman, and pursued the sport solely for the love of it; he caught his game with avidity, but never eat a morsel; so that the pleasure of the chase alone had charms enough in his mind to vanquish one of the strongest antipathies of his nature.

I am Sir, &c.
WILLIAM SCALES.



THE SPORTS OF THE TURF.—We have never known, says the Richmond Enquirer, the spirit of racing so alive as at present. The olden time is brought to our recollection—when the fashion, the gaiety and wealth of the country were put in requisition to grace and adorn the field, the ball, and all the accompaniments of the Turf. No portion of our State does this benefit more than the agricultural. The farmer finds the raising of blooded horses his best crop. Within a few months many three year old colts have sold for $3000. This branch of our home manufactory needs no tariff to quicken its growth, and the husbandmen forgets all onerous duties as he surveys the well formed limbs, and nervous sinews of his prancing colt; and thinks only of the ease with which he will beat Johnson and Moody, the renowned owners of Bonnets o' Blue, and Tride. There are from ten to thirteen separate stables now in training, and all or nearly all expected at Tree Hill the 8th of May. Never at any period did the Old Dominion furnish better contention. In almost every stable the owner possesses an entry, fearing no defeat. The good old custom of a Race Ball, too, will be renewed this Spring. From the strife of party feuds—from the distraction of State and Federal politics, here is a field that all can meet, in good fellowship with open hearts and hands—an oasis in the desert—a truce in a time of war. The mind is sick with such eternal jarring and wrangling about men and measures, and after all it is much ado about nothing. Now, if you want to see from 50 to 1000 horses, all pointed for a race, come to Tree Hill next week.—You may talk of life in London, or the world in miniature, but if you wish to see this, and a good race to boot—be there. There you will see the stables of Johnson, Garrison, Selden, Doswell, Botts, Minge, White, Moody, Long, Goode, Robinson, Hare, and possibly Stevens; and a better set of fellows, with better horses, you never saw. Richmond will be alive again.

N. B. It is believed and hoped that some of our distinguished Statesmen at Washington, will take this opportunity for a week's relaxation. How pleased we would be to see them, as expected.

RACES.

Broad Rock, (April 23d.)—Sweepstakes, mile heats.—Winfree's Gohanna colt beat T. Carter's b. c. by Ratler, and Wm. R. Johnson's colt, full brother to Polly Jones, and J. M. Botts' Gohanna f. out of Phillis. (Botts' and Johnson's entries both distempered.)

Fairfield.—Post. Sweepstake—Adams' b. c. Primero, beat Minge's b. c. by Gohanna, Botts' s. f., Long's b. c. by Sir Archy, and Watson's d. c. by Contention.

2d day, (Purse $300.)—Wm. R. Johnson's h. Andrew beat, 2 out of 3 heats. Minge's bl. h. Gen. Brooke, O. P. Hare's c. m. Betsey Hare, Garrison's b. m. Lady Washington, and J. P. White's Ratler.

3d day—Jockey Club Purse $800, four mile heats.—Garrison's b. h. Zingance, beat J. P. White's c. h. Collier, R. H. Long's c. h. Mohawk, Wm. L. White's Pamunkey, and Rich'd Time, 1st heat 8m. 24s.—2d do. 8m. 17s. A very heavy rain fell immediately before the race.

4th day.—Handy Cap Purse $200 mile heats, best 3 in 5—5 heats ran—Wm. L. White's Traffic was the conqueror, beating Davis' Dolly Dixon, and Wm. R. Johnson's Clifford.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

A HINT TO JOCKEY CLUBS.—Would they not do well, as in England, to compel every owner of a race horse to adopt, and *stick to*, some particular livery. The public soon become familiar with it, and by force of association get to know the horse as soon as they get a view of the rider's dress. If gentlemen wish their clubs to flourish they must take a lively and active interest in *all its details*, and the more they do, the better for the proprietor in the long run.—*Turf Reg.*

THE RACES ARE COMING!—*What's to be done with the people?*—Barnum is turning away thirty or forty a day. Beltzhoover is at work in Light street, putting the big pot in the little one; in other words, building in Light street, to a small house, a very large addition, calculated for one hundred and twenty persons. In the meantime his Western country friends are overflowing him at the Indian Queen.

Hussey is overrun, and is building a small house, about *one hundred and thirty feet each way*, seven stories high, more or less! But that won't be done until next year. In the mean time, the Jackson Convention, three hundred strong, is to meet the 21st of May. Many of the members of that body will remain for the races, the next week after. It is fair to say, the races will bring a thousand strangers. Horses are already on the ground, all the way from Kentucky. Again we ask, what's to be done with the strangers within our gates? The cry will be not "where shall I *dine*," for all may dine on the Central Course; but where shall I *sleep*. To dine or to sleep. The FRANKLIN HOUSE, a new and beautiful establishment, within a mile of the Course, kept by Mr. Williams, will afford choice accommodations as far as it will go. It is well worth a ride, and a more beautiful ride there is not in this country, to see it.—*Turf Reg.*

STRING-HALT.—In the great match of 200 miles in 10 hours, performed by Osbaldeston in 7 h. 19m. 4s., one of the horses, amongst the best performers, had the *string halt in both of his hind legs*. The best saddle horse and hunter that we ever owned or saw, was affected in like manner whilst in use as a hunter. *Ib.*

A LIBERAL ACT.—We are authorised to state that the Maryland and Virginia steam boat company has consented to transport, to and from Baltimore, free of expense, all horses (and their riders) that actually run under the rules of the Maryland Jockey Club, on the Central Course. To prevent difficulty, such horses will have to pay, in the first instance, on their way to Baltimore, but the money will be refunded on the certificate of the secretary of the club, with respect to any horse (and his rider,) which has actually run in any of the regular races. Whilst this measure has been adopted in a spirit of enlightened liberality, there can be no doubt that it will result profitably to the stockholders, since these horses must bring their troop of owners, trainers, grooms, and friends, to witness and to bet on their performance. The line to Philadelphia grants the same liberal accommodation.

☞ Virginia and Southern editors are respectfully requested to copy the preceding notice, for the information of Southern Sportsmen. *Ib.*

THE SPRING RACES.—Rooms have already been secured at Barnum's, by gentlemen at a distance, against next Spring's races, over the Central Course, to commence the last Tuesday, (29th) May.

Officers of the Norfolk Jockey Club, elected at their last meeting.

Edmund Townes, Esq. President.
Walter F. Jones, Esq. First Vice President.
John N. Tazewell, Esq. Second Vice President.
Jas. S. Garrison, Esq. Treasurer.
J. N. Gibbons, Esq. Secretary

RACE COURSES IN THE U. STATES.—We particularly request to be informed, by the secretaries respectively, or by others, of every race course in the Union where races are regularly run, with a view to publish an alphabetical list in the last number of the present volume. The exact distance of each, at three feet from the poles is also desirable; but every course ought as soon as possible to be made exactly one mile. *Ib.*

☞ A horse, of high renown on the western turf, has arrived at the Central Course to contend, it is whispered, for the post stake, at the next meeting—and it is supposed his countrymen will back him freely, for the honor of their state—in which men can run faster, and jump further, dive deeper, and come up drier, than in any other *state* in the Union—including S. Carolina. *Ib.*

The *Bolivar and Harper's Ferry Jockey Club* have made a good beginning:—

Jas. B. Wager, President.
Samuel Snider, Vice President.
Merriwether Thompson, Secretary.
Thos. Keyser, Treasurer.

Considering how lately it was commenced to form the club, the purses are respectable; and we look forward to it as a promising *school*, from which the graduates will come to contend for higher prizes and more extended and lasting fame on the Central Course. We hope in their, as in all other cases, the course will be strictly measured and certified to, as heretofore suggested. It is not less important in racing than in other things, to *start fair!*—Their first races will commence on the 23d instant. *Ib.*

JAWBONEVILLE COURSE (Buncombe Co. Va.) was, as we are informed by Mr. Stewart, the secretary, accurately measured on the 9th of April, 1832, at the suggestion of the Maryland Jockey Club, and made precisely one mile at three feet outside the poles—under the direction of a committee of the Lawrence Club, consisting of W. H. E. Merritt, C. A. Stewart, Dr. Henry Lewis and Dr. Geo. Goodwyn. We should be glad to record a similar statement as to every club in the Union. Until it is done, no winning horse, on any course, will derive from his performance the full value and credit to which his victory should entitle him.

HUNTING PARK COURSE.

The regular trotting season commences on Tuesday next, and from the preparations which have been made, much excellent sport may be safely expected. Several horses, in addition to those mentioned in our last, will probably be entered, and we have heard one or two matches spoken of as being in progress of negotiation.

All the horses intended for the competition are in excellent condition. *Old Top* is said to be as frisky as a two year old colt, and his friends predict that he will even excel himself. *Sally Miller* is in beautiful order. At no time since she has been under training has she looked so well as at present. Her coat is so smooth and bright that it fairly glitters. *Lady Jackson* has entirely recovered from the slight injury she some time since sustained, and will make a bold effort for the two mile purse.

Unusual pains have been taken by the Association to prevent improprieties on, or in the neighborhood of the course, and spectators will not be subjected to those annoyances which are too often found attendant on a race ground. From present indications we judge that the weather will prove favorable, and promise ourselves and friends an agreeable enjoyment.—*Philadelphia Daily Chronicle.*

CLOSE OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

Being pressed for time, says the editor of the Sporting Magazine, and wishing to clear our pigeon hole, we handed over the whole mass [illegible] him to do us a favor, (which, be it known, is not unfrequently conferred on brother editors, by their good-natured friends,) that is, to write for us an "*editorial article.*" He promised to manufacture one so much like our own that none could tell the original from the counterfeit. And a queer article he has made of it! On inspecting it, we concluded that we could not safely take upon us the paternity of such an offspring. There is in his conversation an air of freedom, not to say licentiousness, that might bring the well sustained morals of the Sporting Magazine into suspicion; and then he makes free with gentleman's *names*, in a manner that might lead to our getting an eyelet-hole, that would let day-light through the body; in short, we might be nullified, which we hold to be the worst of all things, except being heavily taxed by way of *protection*, as you would bleed a man to death to save him from the chance of apoplexy! Having thus disowned every thing pertaining unto the following compound, except the genuine ingredients, supplied by our worthy correspondents, we leave it with our gentle readers.

THE CHASE.—For this amusement, with which none other can compare, the first months of the season were highly unpropitious. Frequent snows and intense frost presented the most *nullifying* obstacles; and it may be feared that sportsmen, in revenge for lost time and impatient of long restraint, have kept up the pursuit later than is consistent with the due preservation of game and the rules of the chase. It is known that for some cause the fox cannot stand up at this season as he can in autumn and winter. The male was perhaps reduced and enfeebled, like the stag, in the watchful and anxious season of love, just passed; while the female, too far gone in the "family way," is unable to stand a long run. So it is, whatever maybe the cause, that reynard's business in this month is so quickly done, as to rob the chase of the charms that arise from a protracted run—with "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field"—and alternation of hope and fear for the issue.

Foxhunting by *moonlight*, though not commonly practised, is said to be most delightful on a clear still night. The game does not "make off" as in the day, nor run so far ahead of the pack; feeling, perhaps, a sense of greater security. Thus the trail keeps warmer, the dogs more animated, and the cry fuller, while the stillness of the night leaves the music of the pack to fall on the ear in all its volume and heavenly transporting sweetness!

TITUPUS, of *Setland Neck*, describes a moonlight hunt in January, which lasted three hours and twenty-five minutes, and was "the most delightful he ever enjoyed."

We are tempted to suppose, that to enjoy rural sports with real *gout*, involves much expense and requires *greatmeans*; whereas, if a man has the love of it in his heart, a good gun and a fine dog for the field, a good day, and as a companion, every day; or for the chase, a few choice hounds, between himself, and a neighbor or two, he can have that heart-felt, real enjoyment, and sound refreshing sleep, which the rich miser and the anxious intriguing politician seek in vain.

"For here no dark design,
No wicked int'rest bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds 'em there for life. Our social cups,
Smile as we smile. Open and unreserv'd,
We speak or inmost souls. Good humor, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow and glow on every cheek.
Oh happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could live unenvy'd and secure?"

Our next correspondent (at Edgefield, S. C.) is an instance of a worthy man, in moderate circumstances, who is evidently of the "true breed." Let him speak in his own homely but expressive style:

"If you were to see me about my work, you would little think I was a subscriber to a Sporting Magazine. We do not go a hunting to cure the dyspepsia, or to pass off idle time. We work hard all the week, (sometimes barefoot,) in order that we may spare Saturday to chase a fine buck. Then we forget all our toils.

"I own but a horse and mare, and they have done all the work on my little farm this year, except the heavy hauling, and they both look nearly as well as race horses. I mounted my horse Frank the other day, (which has about three-quarters of the best blood in him,) and we threw off the hounds nearly all the way, until we came to an impregnable swamp, on the bank of Edisto river. There we tracked him, and saw where the proud buck had stood still and scraped defiance at his enemies;—then turned in the swamp and hid us farewell—at least for that day. The dogs followed to the bank of the river, and there stood and howled. We had compassion on them, and blew them off. And there I was, with only six of our choice dogs, and one true sportsman, on the edge of a dismal swamp on that dark river—5 o'clock 20 miles from home, with a run of 25 (through the woods all the way) and the earth very soft from the great rains that had recently fallen. The soil was sandy, and my horse sunk to the ankles, nearly every jump, the greater part of the way. Got home about 9 o'clock the same night. Had Frank well rubbed and moderately fed. Next morning he looked as lively as a cricket. So much for your good Virginia blood. W. R.

P. S. Should be glad, indeed, if it were possible for you to take one good hunt with us here—run a fine buck ten miles through our piny woods, and sup on his delicious haunches at night.—[Amen, say we.]

In Essex county, Va. they have had fine sport since the weather moderated. A correspondent writes that he "had a beautiful hunt a few days ago. We mounted our horses about sunrise; the weather damp and misty. We soon struck a fine drag, and in less than 30 minutes unkennelled two red foxes. The dogs divided—the three best killed theirs after a hard run of about three hours. The other dogs earthed their fox, after a beautiful chase, about half past 1, P. M. the fox never being able to make a straight run of more than two miles."

In Dorset and Somerset counties, Md. the love of the chase, nor the blood of the true foxhound is yet extinct; nor does there appear to be any lack of game, as the following extract of a letter from Vienna, Dorchester Co., dated, March 5, 1832, will testify:

"We had a day's sport on Wednesday last, which I think worth recording. Col. Vincent, Mr. Hooper, and myself, with only eight dogs, took four red foxes, (and I may say five,) from sunrise to 12 o'clock. We got into the cover just as the sun rose, and immediately the dogs challenged. After a short trail they carried him off so hot that he crossed the Chicomico river, and in about two hours from the start mouthed him—a large dog fox. Just as they cleared the river three more foxes jumped before the dogs and divided them; the three leading dogs stuck to the first fox and the other five in two divisions—each division running its own fox, although they crossed each other several times. After the first fox was mouthed, the fast dogs joined the others and treed another. Just about the time another division of two dogs had got another into a tree, and while passing around the tree, they espied a fox about fifty yards off, going by. They took after him, and in an hour ran him into the same tree into which they had run the last. Thus in about six hours they had three foxes alive in bags, and one dead one; and a fifth, three of the dogs had, towards the last of the chace, carried down to an island, and killed or earthed him, we think quite probable. Yesterday we left out three of the foxes out, and killed before dinner an hour, with eighteen dogs; and then went to a neighboring swamp, [illegible] The day we caught these foxes was an uncommonly fine one—the earth wet, and a warm sun exhaling the moisture from it; so that the dogs could run with heads up.

Those who never tasted the joyous delights of the chase will think we are giving too much space to the subject; but we are anxious to clear our file. We have had on hand for some time the following description of an animated hunt. Foxhunters have always warm hearts, though they may not be classical writers. The turn out was at Granville C. H., S. C., March 20th.

"Having just arrived from Charleston, I received an invitation from my friends H. and J. Young to come and spend the night with them, and take a foxchase the ensuing morning. I took my horse and dogs, and started for their mansion, where I arrived early in the evening, and partook of that liberal cheer, for which the family is so well characterised. After supper we drew our chairs around a cheerful fire, and cracked many a mirthful joke. The ladies told us of so many geese being destroyed at one time by the fell destroyer; and at another, so many turkeys, chickens, &c. we promising them that he should be taken the next morning, if there be any teeth in Old Fife, Ratler, Rolla, Ringwood, &c. We then retired to rest, agreeing to start an hour before day, to get a warm drag. Accordingly, at the appointed hour we were up and ready for the field. The morning was clear, the mountains were undisturbed by winds: a fine dew lay on the ground, which was barely frozen. The dogs were all in fine running order, and I knew well the task that lay before them. The horses were as anxious as we were for the chase. We gave a blast, the horn sounded, and the whole pack of thirteen couple responded eagerly. We then set out for the foot of Paris's mountain, where H. Y. said we would be sure to get a drag. We had not yet got there when Old Fife and Hingwood opened, loud, long and deep. "That's a fox!" we simultaneously exclaimed.

"The drag is a hot one," said Hambleton.

"Then," said I, "he will be up before the sun, and killed before ten."

"The latter part of your prediction," said H. "is sasier said than done. It is the old mountain fox, and if it is him, he will run up the mountain and double around the bald rock, and then sweep down by this place; and then make for piny mountain; run round that, and then make back for the plain, where he will finish the chase, unless you push him. If you do that he will again make for the bald rock, and there lose the dogs towards evening."

By this time the drag grew warmer, while we with repeated cheers and loud halloos, encouraged the dogs, and made the hollow of the mountains echo and re-echo again. "He's up," said H. Now comes the tug of war. Sly reynard now like lightning flew, and made the very course which was predicted by H. which assured us that it was the "*old one*" alluded to. He took immediately up for the bald rock, while we stood on the plain and heard the pack pressing to the right of the mountain:—

"The woods and hills the sound retort, and music fills the sky."

The pack soon brought him down, and he then took the plain making for Piney mountain. We then kept in close with the pack in spite of all impediments. Presently we brought him with a full cry back towards the place where we first started him; but had not got more than one half of the way when our hounds were interrupted by several large curs, which beat off most of our dogs, except Old Fife and Rolla. They still stuck to the track, and we soon had the good fortune, by a little encouragement, of getting all of the dogs back to the chase. By this time the fox had got a long way ahead of us. This was a matter of little moment, as all our dogs were in fine running order. Our course then lay towards the plains, which are about four or five miles from the mountains. The plains, as their name implies, is a very level country, extending for several miles, which rendered the chase equally fair for the fox, dogs and horses, and renders it much more interesting and amusing. The public road which leads from Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, passes immediately through the centre of the plain. This road was crossed every ten or twenty minutes by the fox dogs, Young and myself. It being early in the spring, and there being very many travellers on that road, who, hearing the heart-cheering music of a noble pack, he must have been more than deaf, and less than a man who could have passed on an idle spectator of such an animated and hard contested chase. The star of day had by this time mounted high in the arch of heaven: the dogs all ran steady—very much together, never losing the track once. The road was crowded with spectators; and reynard's brush was carried in such a manner, as to indicate that his strength and wind was too far spent for him ever again to reach the mountains. His destiny was near at hand; for the dogs were but a few hundred yards behind him. Our horses by this time were so much blown that it was with difficulty we kept up with the hounds. When ever I would cross the road, it, for a great distance, would resound with one loud shout. Two of the dogs, Rolla and Mount, now were within a few yards of the hero of the mountain, and I but a short distance behind them, urging both on by encouragements. A bricklayer, standing in the road, saw that he would be taken in a second or so, and thinking he should like the honor of getting the brush, took after the fox and dogs as fast as he could. I then checked my horse and spoke to him, and took it after a few yards to hand the intruder—he having the start of me. The fox crossed the road which is very wide, in a diagonal direction, rendering it more interesting to the spectators, who were all enlisted in my favor. The fox had scarcely got out of the road when he attempted to ascend a small sapling, but his strength being too far spent, he fell back in the jaws of Mount and Rolla. I then saw that Newly was about to cut him; I being a few steps behind, sang out with a loud voice, "Do not touch, or you will be hit." This stayed him for a moment. I was up—seized him by the tail—slung him around my head—gave a lond halloo, and threw him among the pack. I received a loud cheer from the company.

Thus ended one of the most pleasant and hardest contested chases I ever was in, and thus died *the old mountain fox!* It was midday. We then returned, with reynard left behind us, and again partook of the hospitality of the Youngs, and departed for home that afternoon." A.

In King William, Va. there dwelleth a certain Robin Pollard, the sound of whose horn at daylight, on a still morning, has for years past exercised terror to the heart of the slyest and stoutest fox that ever broke cover. In one of his hunting excursions with his dogs and his friend Capt. Littlepage's united, they in one day caught four red foxes; and one of the company, with a double barrelled gun, killed two fine deer, in quick succession. Two of the foxes were old ones, and the others, although young, were full grown.

We thought we had got through our file, but capital game is still in cover. "Hark-away," though in the rear in this limited field, we dare venture to say, is rarely so in the chase. His hunting grounds are in Beaufort, N. C. not yet reached by the red fox in its progress southwardly. His pack is small, but must be good, as they have mouthed eighty gray foxes within fourteen months. "In the pursuit of them," he says, "they have rarely exceeded three hours—more frequently under than over that time, and the fox is enabled to protract the chase from the numerous coverts, marshes and thickets, with which this level section of the country abounds."

HARK-AWAY killed in one week, with his small pack, five large full grown foxes. He describes several of the chases in a style that makes you think you hear the charming echo of his gallant dogs. We would gladly follow him o'er hill and dale, through swamp and briar; but would we be followed so far by our readers? We will only venture to go with him through one of the several chases he has pictured to the life. It is that in which a brave son of Neptune took the bush, and which is thus related:—

"My companions were so much elated with the running of the dogs, their heart-cheering music, as well as ultimate success, that I was persuaded to another hunt the next morning. And I was not the less disposed to accede to their wishes from the circumstance of a young *officer of our navy* being of the party, who had just returned from a long cruize in the Pacific, and who displayed all that zeal and resolution in the chase, which, as another element, and more important occasions, had so frequently and honorably distinguished the navy in general.

"Young Trumbon seemed quite at home with his 'land tacks aboard;' carrying taught sail upon reynard—never starting tack or sheet for ordinary impediments; and it is but justice to add, gained two brushes out of three.

"In securing the last he threw himself, while under a press of canvass, over the larboard bow, and, extended on the ground, (keel uppermost) seized the expiring reynard by his spanker-boom in the midst of the faithful pack, who were so nobly occupied in sealing the fate of his foeship."

THE ADVENTURES OF A BUCK AT CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—In the month of November last, a large three point wild buck paid this village the compliment of a familiar visit. He was first seen crossing Cumberland river, and next seen coming full speed up Main street, crossed the public square, and jumped into a saddler's shop. A lad, who was at work in the shop, immediately closed the door, and ran up stairs; leaving the buck in quiet possession. The crowd, however, who were in pursuit, soon pushed the door open; when they found the deer on the saddler's bench. This elevated position he seemed to have acquired by attempting to jump through a window, situated over the bench. No person discovering any great curiosity to become more familiarly acquainted with the proud gentleman of the forest, he presently gave them a proud significant toss of his antlers, bounded out at the door, and made his escape, notwithstanding the *posse comitatus* were in full cry at his heels! *Ib.*

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

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N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10

DENTIST

Dr. I. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 23 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Autiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Peri Metollic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. To be attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24

TEMPERANCE H